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## LLOYD PENNANT, A TALE OF THE WEST

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### CHAPTER XVIII.

GENERAL report had it, that Mr. Mahon was about to be appointed agent to the O'Mahony estate, and all the tenants sought to conciliate his favour in advance, by pulling off their "Canbeens" as he passed, and seizing every opportunity to address him as "your honour." Whether or not the negotiation for the agency, or as some supposed, for a loan was actually being carried on, certain it is, that Mrs. O'Mahony brought Mr. Mahon home with her, in her own carriage, and (which caused much astonishment, and not a few invidious remarks in the servants' hall,) "that he was actually to dine with his feet under the same mahogany with her ladyship," on the very day that Pennant's letter arrived by the post. It came, therefore, in the nick of time. Mrs. O'Mahony opened the post-bag beside her drawing-room fire, where she and Rory were comfortably seated. Demands from Dublin tradesmen for over-due bills, constituted the principal portion of her correspondence. One of those persons had the audacity to threaten proceedings for recovering a three years' account, and the indignant lady handed the epistle to Rory.

"There, Mr. Mahon, there's an ungrateful rascal for you—to set an attorney at me, after all I did for him. You know well what scum of the earth his family are—and I protest to you solemnly, it was I got him the first place he ever had in Dublin—and I have dealt with him myself ever since he set up in business on his own account; and now, he's pressing me to pay my bill. Ah, Mr. Mahon, there's little gratitude in the world! and no one knows that better than yourself."

Mrs. O'Mahony had a sly way of doing business. It is not improbable that she wished to apprise Rory of her difficulty, without actually soliciting

a favour at his hands. If such were her intention, the scheme succeeded—for Mahon had no sooner read the letter, than he begged she would not make herself uneasy, or allow any one to annoy her, for such a trifle—and taking the necessary sum from his purse, he requested her to make use of it, and repay him only when it should suit her convenience. Mrs. O'Mahony was in ecstasies; she expressed herself in unmeasured terms of gratitude—and the remaining letters being from other claimants, whose demands were less urgent, or whose threats were less summary, she laid them on the table, to be read on some future occasion. The superscriptions, and the virtual contents of each were perfectly well known to her—for she had long been favoured with successive editions of the same import.

The conversation, which the arrival of the post-bag had interrupted, was renewed, and continued until the butler, coming to remove the post-bag, asked, "If there happened to be anything for Mrs. Reilly, the cook?" Then Mrs. O'Mahony glanced through the pile—and the English letter attracted her attention; her first look was always at the signature of unrecognised correspondents; she cast her eyes on the bottom of the page, and twisted and turned the letter about, but could not manage to decipher the name—and as she made it a point never to investigate the contents of a document, from precautionary motives, until she first ascertained that it did not emanate from any of the numerous attorneys, who continually worried her on Captain Jack's account—she transferred it to Rory, in hopes that he might be able to overcome the difficulty—and so, surely enough, he did.

"It's Providence that has done all," said Mrs. O'Mahony, when she read the contents. "Only I happen to know you, Mr. Mahon, the poor boy might remain a prisoner all the days of his life—and to think of you being here the very moment I received it! Why, only for that, it never would have been read—for the Captain always warns me against looking into my correspondence, when I don't know who it's from, and I'd never have been able to make that out, without your assistance."

So far as related to Colonel Blake's first address, Mrs. O'Mahony could have satisfied Pennant's enquiry on the instant—for she had received a copy of the superscription borne by the first letter which followed him, and carried it in her pocket, with a multitude of other and similar communications; but she had yet to ascertain the fate of Pennant's letter, addressed to the Colonel at Dunseverick—and it was not her habit to lose time when any important object needed achievement. It was Sunday, and she determined that Rory should at once drive with her to the post-town, where she resolved to commence her inquiries. "Mrs. Lalor's a decent creature enough, and I could do anything I liked with her before the Blatherwell gang came into the country. But since Pincher went to live at Dunseverick, I hear she's taken to them entirely. She's a relation of my own, you know, Mr. Mahon; her father was a son of my grandfather's—(in a subdued voice)—by the 'button-hole.' Well, I think she'll tell me all I want to know. If not, I'll manage it somehow else."

Rory, in his own quiet way, experienced a degree of pleasure, much more profound than his talkative hostess. But he took a business view of

this important discovery, and was mentally at work, arranging his plans, and speculating on the primary steps which it would be necessary to take. Complete silence as to the reappearance of Pennant was of all things indispensable, for it would be most imprudent to arouse Pincher's suspicions, until his intended antagonist should be ready to pounce upon him, and bring the necessary legal proceedings to a prompt issue. He, therefore, impressed the necessity of caution on Mrs. O'Mahony—and the money arrangements which passed between them seemed to add much weight to his advice, and insure its adoption.

Mrs. O'Mahony and Rory Mahon reached the post-town at that particular hour when the great bulk of its inhabitants were engaged in their devotional duties. It was not without design that the sharp-witted lady selected that special time; in the first place, her proceedings would be then less noticed—and in the next, a general opinion prevailed that *then* was the "witching time," at which inquisitive officials were accustomed to indulge their curiosity. Every thing proved propitious. "The Mistress" knew the ways of Mrs. Lalor's house well; she, therefore, did not appear at the office window, where letters were sought for and delivered—but passing through the yard-gate, which stood invitingly open, entered by the back-door, and had been standing for some time in the passage, on which the opened door of the office gave, before the post-mistress was at all aware of her presence. During this period Mrs. Lalor was busily occupied inspecting the different letters. There was one which she crumpled, and formed into various shapes, evidently without being able to come at its contents. As a last resource, she took a teaspoon which lay beside her, and introduced the handle. This was the precise position in which Mrs. O'Mahony wished to surprise her. She, therefore, gave a short "Hem!" But Mrs. Lalor did not suspend her efforts—she merely asked, without altering her position—

"Are you home already?"

"Nelly, you devil, you," cried Mrs. O'Mahony, bursting in upon her with a laugh, "the news ought to be good that takes so much trouble to learn," and while shaking hands with the bewildered woman, she managed to get a glance at the letter, and read the address. It was for Colonel Blake.

"Well, ma'am, I declare," said Mrs. Lalor, "if you didn't nearly frighten the life out of me, ma'am. Who'd ever think of you coming in so quietly? How is your honour and the Captain?—I hope yer both well—and, indeed, it's myself was thinking of writing to ye some of these days, to beg ye to get an augmentation to my salary; for, dear knows, there's a deal of trouble, and the times is terrible bad."

While making this speech, Mrs. Lalor deposited the letter on the table behind her—(she had not time to remove the spoon)—and there it lay, bearing within its bosom the damning evidence of her guilt.

"Indeed, then, it's always willing I am to serve you," replied Mrs. O'Mahony; "and, naturally, I'd rather help you than a stranger, Nelly, for, there's an old saying, you know, that 'Blood's thicker than water.'"

"Indeed, I have reason to know that, ma'am," said the post-mistress; "for what would I have done but for your kindness?"

"And the poor Colonel was always a good friend, Nelly; you shouldn't forget that, though he is in trouble."

"Lord knows, ma'am, and that's the good truth—nor I don't forget it, neither. It 'id be a bad day I would, often as he served me against that murdering villain of an inspector, who used to have this district."

"Well, I'm sure I hope you don't; although all the country says you're cap-in-hand with that upstart Pincher, and that he can make you do just what he pleases."

"Dear knows, ma'am," replied Mrs. Lalor, "whether that's true or not. Mr. Pincher's a very decent man in his way, and very civil to me; but it 'id be a bad day I'd even the likes of him to the O'Mahonys or the Blakes."

"Well, indeed, I thought so, Nelly," rejoined Mrs. O'Mahony, "although I was beginning to be very jealous, that you never ask me to do anything for you now—but never mind that. What's the news?" and she passed her hand behind Mrs. Lalor and took up the letter, spoon and all. "There are so many new-fashioned ways of foding now-a-days that it's almost impossible to make out what they write without tearing the paper, or breaking the seal. Just let me see what I can do," and she proceeded with considerable expertness to undo the folds, as far as was practicable, and then peered into the inside.

"For Heaven's sake, ma'am, take care," cried Mrs. Lalor, in great alarm, "for there's no letters come to the office I'm so particular about as them. If the seal was cracked I'd be reported to a certainty—and maybe lose my situation."

"Ah, then, who does it belong to that's so very particular?" said Mrs. O'Mahony, as she looked at the superscription. "Well, I declare, it's for Colonel Blake—and, to tell you the truth, Nelly, it's just to enquire after this and some other letters written by the same gentleman, which never reached the Colonel, that I'm come to you."

"Well, ma'am I declare," said Mrs. Lalor, in evident tribulation, "I haven't the least recollection whatsoever of any others having come, and it was just to see what I ought to do with this same, that I was wanting to find out who wrote it, when you came in—you know that it's against all regulations to read any letter that comes by post. We are sworn on the book against it, and I'm sure I never did it before, nor wouldn't now if it wasn't that I wanted to find out if I could do anything with it on the poor Colonel's account, without sending it back again to the dead-letter office."

"Well, Nelly, others certainly did come"—(and she shewed that part of Pennant's letter which related to them.)

Mrs. Lalor saw that she stood on dangerous ground.

"Well, ma'am, all I can say is, that if it did come, which I can't remember, it must be sent; where, of course, it ought to be sent—to the Castle, where it was directed to—and I have nothing more to do in the matter."



"But you know well enough, my dear, that the Colonel does not live there now, and that Pincher has no right to get his correspondence."

"What could I do, ma'am?" cried Nelly, quite off her guard, "when he demanded them—I'm sure I couldn't be expected to refuse to send letters to the place where they were addressed to, and set a great man against me—that may be id be my ruin."

Mrs. O'Mahony seized on the admission. "Well, my dear, what's done can't be undone; but I'll take this one myself, as I know where to send it to better than any one else"—and she transferred the letter to her pocket.

"Ma'am—well, ma'am," said Nelly, "but save us; here's Pincher himself coming for the letters, as he always does after church—and if he asks for this one, what will I do?"

"Not give it, of course."

"Oh, ma'am, if he sees you here?"

"He shan't, my dear"—and Mrs. O'Mahony took up a position, where she could not be discerned from the outside of the house. By this time, a showily appointed carriage drew up close by, and Pincher presented himself at the window.

"Any letters for the Castle to-day?"

"None, your honour."

"Sure of that?"

"Certain, your honour. I hope the mistress and the young lady is well, sir."

"Very well, thank you. No letter those days for Colonel Blake?"

"Not one, your honour."

"Because, if any come, forward them, as you did the other, you know; I'll send them on myself."

"Yes, your honour."

"I'll do what I can as to that affair you wrote to me about; the Judge and 'Member' have top interest now, you know, and if it can be done, they'll do it."

"Long life to your honour!" cried Mrs. Lalor, evidently anxious to terminate the conversation.

Whatever Mrs. O'Mahony might have thought regarding the post-mistress's duplicity, she did not allude to the subject when they were again alone.

"Well, Nelly, I must confess it was very bad and very foolish to give those letters of Colonel Blake's to Pincher—as he says you did—or to send them at all to Dunseverick, when you very well know the Colonel's not living there. Now, if the writer was to make a complaint about it, what would become of you?—you ought to bless your stars that the matter is in a friend's hands, like me, who'll say nothing. Now, for the future, my dear, be sure you let me know the moment any more such arrive. If you don't, I'll only be written to again about the business—and maybe then I won't be able to keep the gentleman who sent them quiet. Any other news, Nelly?"

"None, ma'am; there wasn't a letter last week but two, barring Mr. Pincher's—only for the Castle, in troth, the office might be shut up—and them, too, was for common people."

"Now, Nelly, my dear," said Mrs. O' Mahony, as she took an affectionate leave, "mind, you be more particular in future."

Before she returned home, a special messenger was despatched to another post-town, ten miles nearer Dublin, carrying a letter addressed to the Parish Priest of the place, requesting him to post the enclosure, which was re-directed to Colonel Blake, in London. Mrs. O'Mahony was now in a continued state of more than ordinary excitement; she drove from one neighbour's house to another, demanding news, and hinting at the coming of events, which were sure to astonish the world.

Rory Mahon had on his part much to do, and one negotiation which must necessarily be undertaken, was of so difficult and delicate a nature, that the greatest tact and prudence were required to bring it to a prosperous issue. The letters which he received from Darcy, in the cave, were of the most vital importance to Pennant's interests—but, to make them available to their full extent, it would be necessary to secure the co-operation of the person by whom the originals were delivered—(those which remained in his possession being only copies)—for, although the handwriting might easily be identified by others, he alone could prove the correctness of the copies. If, then, the individuals to whom they were originally entrusted, could only be induced to swear to their identity, and to account for their possession, immense difficulties would be at once removed from Pennant's path. If, in addition, this person could and would testify that the conversations held with the writer of them corroborated and confirmed the correctness of the statements contained in the letters themselves—then the case would be clear, and the evidence conclusive. The manner in which these documents came into Rory Mahon's hands rendered their application to his purpose extremely dangerous—for an admission of that might implicate him in the burning of Castlemore, and certainly would render him liable to the charge of complicity in a legal crime of the highest magnitude, namely, the escape of outlawed rebels. The attempt, however, to come to terms with Mr. Brown, the original holder, must be made. But, before committing himself by any direct proposal, Rory determined to seek the acquaintance of this man, and then be guided in his future proceedings by circumstances.

Brown dwelt in the pot-house of a village a few miles off, and subsisted upon the very scanty income furnished by Pincher Martin. He was a man of vindictive temper—and had formerly—(when his power over Pincher seemed greater than at present)—periodically indulged in fits of gross intemperance. Latterly, however, either from choice or necessity, his habits were considerably improved, and his conduct had become more respectable. Those who knew him best, attributed this favourable change in his mode of life to the diminished supplies extracted from his wealthy connection. Some hinted that he had, during a drunken fit, surrendered, for an inconsiderable sum of money, the possession of documents which once

gave him control over Pincher—and that now his claws having been clipped, he was obliged to rest satisfied, and be grateful for the limited income he received, the amount of which was calculated on the lowest scale consistent with an ordinarily decent existence.

Brown was often heard to lament his folly, and bitterly to regret the weakness which had induced him to leave himself altogether at Pincher's mercy. As Rory Mahon had no fixed residence, he took up his abode at the same inn which Brown inhabited, on pretence of having business to transact in the neighbourhood. It was not difficult to form acquaintance with a person always watching the arrival of new guests, in the hope of being invited to partake of their potations. Rory charmed both Brown and the landlady—he asked the former to join him in a glass of punch, the evening of his arrival, and plied him until he reached the communicative stage of intoxication, when Mahon managed to get a very clear insight into his disposition and intentions.

Brown was not slow in alluding to his brother-in-law's shabby conduct, nor in throwing out hints as to what he might have done to prejudice Pincher heretofore—and what it was even yet in his power to effect, should any hostile claimant for the Martin estate present himself.

Rory listened attentively, but urged no increase of confidence. Even-  
ing after evening he practised the same system, until at length Brown openly told him "as a friend of the old stock," that if a child of Squire Ulick turned up, as rumour said was likely, he would and could make all safe for a reasonable consideration." Then Rory ventured to enquire into the nature of the information Brown could impart, and of the evidence which he could adduce as to its truth, avowing, at the same time, that if he were but satisfied of its value, he should not stick at a trifle to obtain the secret, even though it might happen that it never could be made use of. Brown told him of the letters which he had had in his possession, and detailed the contents. The fact of having surrendered the attested copies, made by the writer of the original documents, to Pincher, he did not attempt to conceal, neither did he seek to deny the real advantage he had relinquished—and the great difficulty which there would now be in substantiating his case without them. He had kept copies—it was true—but they were only in his own hand-writing—therefore useless. Rory advised him to be cautious how he provoked the enmity of the person on whom he depended for support, unless he felt himself in a position to prove what he asserted. Brown ended by declaring, that if a bill of £10, due by him, were not paid the following week, the whole affair should be published in the newspapers—he would annoy if he could not injure—the stingy possessor of a name and estate, to neither of which had he, in justice, the slightest claim. Rory coincided in his guest's opinion as to Pincher's ill-treatment of a connection, who had rendered him such important services. He also counselled an application for the means of discharging the debt alluded to—and threw out a hint, that should it result in failure, he would be sorry to see a friend embarrassed for such a trifle, and might possibly be disposed to come to his assistance.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Brown hired a horse the following morning, for which Mahon paid, and set out for Dunseverick to seek an interview with his brother-in-law. When he reached the Castle, he was ushered into the library, where Mr. Pincher Martin sat, looking over rentals and tenants' accounts, with Mr. Sharp. The unwelcome visitor was very coolly received.

"Well, sir," said Pincher, without rising from his seat, or taking his eyes off the papers which lay before him; "well, sir, what's your business here to-day? I often told you that if you had any communication to address to me, it must be made in writing, for after all that has occurred, I candidly tell you, it's the only safe way to hold intercourse with you."

"I merely came to ask a favour, and I wish to have a private conversation with you," said Brown, in rather a tone of defiance.

"Mr. Sharp is quite in my confidence, and I have no objection that any business in which I am concerned should be spoken of before him; but if you allude to that stuff and nonsense, sir," he added, looking sternly at Brown, "by means of which you have endeavoured to extort money from me heretofore, I tell you I don't care that"—(snapping his fingers)—"for what you can say or do to my prejudice—and moreover, I beg to inform you, that I have not the least idea of being tormented or annoyed by a drunken blackguard of your sort any longer. I gave you an annuity, on condition that you should not appear in my presence, to worry me with your importunities. A bargain, sir, is a bargain—you have broken your share of the agreement—and now I'll break mine. From this hour one shilling of my money you shall never touch." Pincher rose and rang the bell. "Begone, sir, begone this moment, or I'll have you kicked out of the house."

"You had better think of what you are about," said Brown, coolly—he seemed to acquire self-control in proportion as Pincher lost it—"you had better consider well before you do anything of the kind, for you well know I have it in my power to ruin you; but I neither wish nor intend to do so, at least, till I see farther."

"You may do your worst, and go be d——d," cried Pincher, furiously. "I defy you."

"I could expose you if I liked," said Brown.

"Who'd believe the stories of a whiskey-drinking, unprincipled scoundrel of your sort?" "I tell you, you may as well 'whistle jigs to a milestone,' as attempt to move me. Begone, sir, I say—begone."

"I'm going now," said Brown, in a very determined tone. "I want some money in three days, and those three days I give you to reflect. But if I haven't £20 before ten o'clock on Thursday next, by the eternal —, I'll not leave a house over your head."

"That's a clear threat," said Sharp, as the door closed after Brown, "and the only way to deal with a fellow of that kind, is to lay him up. You can safely swear, after what has passed this moment, that you stand in danger of your life. I myself can prove, if necessary, that he threatened

to burn down your house. Now I can just take your informations, if you wish to pursue the course I recommend. Issue my warrant—and clap the fellow into gaol, where he may remain till Dooms-day—for I don't think it likely that any one will go security for his good behaviour."

"Admirable advice," repeated Pincher, as he walked about the room, calculating the pros and cons with regard to its adoption—"admirable,—I thank you, my good fellow, for the suggestion—it's the way to settle such a ruffian—the only way. How fortunate you were present on the occasion. I'll just write to the Judge, before we proceed further." In a few minutes, he despatched a groom to Mount Blatherwell, directing him to proceed there as quickly as he could, and to return with an answer to the letter which he gave him, as soon as possible. Mr. Sharp remained at Dnnseverick that night. Early next day the servant arrived with the Judge's reply to his nephew's note; he happily approved of the advice offered by Sharp, and urged its immediate adoption. No time should be lost, if it were only to shew hereafter that there had been no dread of those pretended revelations. "Such a step would tell well before a jury, should it happen that he were forced into a court of law. Take the bull by the horns, my dear Tom," concluded the Judge, "don't stop at trifles—shew no mercy—it's the only way to act under such circumstances. When the fellow cools his heels for some time in jail he'll be glad to leave the country; you are at present quite out of his power. You may, then, be relieved from his personal annoyance at a trifling expense. Be determined and firm—it's the crisis of this unpleasant business. You have threatened, and you must carry out your threats. If you shew any weakness, you will only encourage fresh outrage, and, perhaps, incur increased danger. What a capital fellow Sharp is, he *has* a head. Adieu, my dear nephew, and be sure you don't spare this impudent impostor."

The informations were immediately drawn up—Pincher swore, that he went in bodily fear of his life. The warrant issued, and Brown arrested, (while in the act of relating the results of the interview to Rory, over a smoking tumbler of punch,) was duly consigned to the county jail. During the various conversations which Rory held with Brown, prior to his imprisonment, he had made it a special object to enquire into the collateral evidence which might be made available, in support of that person's assertions, assuming that the letters were inaccessible, (the fact of his possession of them being carefully concealed.) He demanded what witnesses would be produced in confirmation of the important secret confided to him, and Rory not only obtained the names and places of residence of such person as might be hereafter required at the trial—but also made himself acquainted with the particular circumstances of which each person was supposed to be cognizant and of a striking peculiarity, in the personal appearance of one individual, likely to operate more convincingly on a jury, than any other description of testimony which could be produced. Having acquired all the information Brown could give, Rory determined to ascertain by a personal investigation, how far the statement made, tallied with the actual truth—he therefore visited the spot where the event, upon

which the whole matter hinged, was said to have taken place—and found the details relating to the locality, correct in their minutest particulars. His next visit was to the man named Tom Leonard, represented, as perhaps, the most important amongst the witnesses. Arrived at the cabin where he was informed this person lived—Rory found it a heap of ruins—the roof had been recently pulled off, and he was in the act of turning his horse's head to enquire elsewhere, when a child popped forth from amidst the rubbish accumulated within the naked walls. By dint of kind words and some half-pence, the urchin, who was about to regain his place of concealment, was induced to come forward, and after a good deal of questioning, Rory learned that the person he sought, was seated under the temporary shelter, constructed from the remains of his levelled dwelling. The instant the man appeared, Rory was struck with the strength of the likeness which Brown had told him he could not fail to discover.

"Go in, Johnny," said Leonard, as he put on his caubeen with one hand, and pushed the child back into his den (with the other). "I beg your honour's pardon," addressing Rory, "for not comin' out at onst, but you see, when Mr. Sharp, the agent, tumbled the place, yesterday, he forbid any iv the tenants, to give us shelter, and so we wor obliged to do the best we could for a place to sleep in, and I thought at first, your honour might be the bailiff, (savin' your favour, for evenen the like to you,) coming to put us out again, as he would do, if he knew we were in it."

"I'm not the bailiff, my good fellow, nor any thing of the sort, but I hope I have a heart to feel for the poor, and I can't pass a scene like this, without enquiring if it be in my power to do you any service."

"Long may your honour reign," cried Leonard, and the sentiment was repeated by his wife and children, who no longer hesitated to emerge from their hiding place.

"Why are you dispossessed? do you owe much rent? tell me honestly, and perhaps I may put you back again in your cabin?"

"Divil a one farthing can be claimed against me, and its not for that I'm put out at all at all, but I know well, (thanks all the same to your honour, that if you were as rich as the good people, bless them, and give all the goold you possessed in the world to Pincher, the divil a toe he'd let me put into my own house, nor any other on the estate, if he could help it—so that's useless thinkin' about."

"And what objection has he to you?"

"That's a long story, yer honour, and it id take a day to tell it."

"In troth, its bad 'Shanaghy,'" broke in Mrs. Leonard, "for Pincher to put him, or one belongin' to him out, if the truth was known."

"No use in talking of that," retorted the husband, "it's that same truth that's getting me driven from the country."

"Dear knows, your honour," continued the woman, "if the world knew as much as Tom does, it 'id be a bad day for some people."

"You hould your tongue," cried Leonard. "Do ye want to say something that 'ill prevent us getting the money to take us to Amerikey. If you could keep yer mouth shut, maybe its not on the high road we'd be the day."



"Maybe not," rejoined his spouse, "but wait till we get the money, and when it's in my pocket, bad luck to me if I don't tell the tyrant my mind—and what's more, it's just as likely that I'll stay where I am, too, after all."

"Hould your tongue, I say," shouted the husband.

"And if he touches me," continued the woman, not attending to the interruption, "I'll give him such abuse, that the dogs won't lap his blood afther it—I'll tell him what he is, and what his wife is, too, if it comes to that, the crawling upstart."

"Well," said Rory, "he is a man I don't like myself, I have saved some poor men from his tyranny, and if I can I'll save you too. Here's a guinea to buy something for the children, and if you come into town to-morrow, I'll hear what you have to say, and see what I can do for you. Call at 'The Rising Sun,' and ask for Rory Mahon."

"Oh! thunder an' 'ounds, an' is this yourself, Mr. Mahon," shouted Leonard, taking his hand, and shaking it heartily: "Shure, I often heard of all you did for the tenants on the Castlemore estate, that you may have luck for that same—and its often, that woman wanted me to go and tell you all I had to say."

"That's the good truth, anyhow," said Mrs. Leonard, "and if you did many a thing I wanted you to do as well as that, you wouldn't be what you are to-day; but now, you have a raal decent man to deal with, that can help you if you deserve it—and if you don't tell all you know, and prove it too, the divil a side ever I'll stretch by you—a purty thing, indeed. You want to spare the ruffian that's sending you and yours to desolation."

"I'll do what you wish on the instant," said the husband.

He and Rory stood for some time upon the road in earnest conversation. What the nature of the information imparted may have been, it is not our purpose just now to disclose, as the interest of our hero demands that it should be carefully *concealed for the present*.

Rory Mahon was prosecuting his enquiries and arranging his plans of operation, and the Colonel, Kate, and Tim were still at Clifton Hall, when Mrs. O'Mahony's letter reached Lloyd Pennant, at Calais.

The intercourse between Pierre Mulard and Pennant became daily more intimate. Gratitude for a past favour and liberal rewards for present services attached the Frenchman to his benefactor—and the latter felt that he might safely entrust Pierre with his secret, and rely on his co-operation when attempting his escape. Fortunately, too, Mike recognised an old friend in Captain Trouville, the same skipper who had carried him to Brest, and now the boldest privateer infesting the British Channel.

Trouville had been eminently successful in capturing English merchantmen, and had not unfrequently exchanged shots with their crack cruisers, but being a dashing seaman of jovial habits and genuine hospitality, his money was dissipated as quickly as it was won. His first acquaintance with Mike dated from the period when the latter possessed his own estate, and stocked his cellar with genuine chateau-margot from the smuggler's hold. At this time he had not only enjoyed Mike's protection, but experienced his

hospitality too ; their connection in the way of business continued uninterrupted until the war broke out—when the free trader procured letters of marque and became a privateer—being thoroughly acquainted with the western coast of Ireland, his first feats were achieved in that quarter. He took advantage of the invading expedition to proceed towards his old haunts, in the hope of falling in with unprotected merchantmen, and was subsequently employed to carry off Mike and Darcy.

The "*Bonne Esperance*" had, on a late occasion, been sadly mauled by an English brig, and with difficulty made her escape into Calais, where she now lay for repairs. The Captain being ashore, the greater portion of Mike's and Pennant's time was spent in his society. They were introduced to his friends, and dined constantly at his table—the fact of Mike's being an Irish refugee told greatly in his favour, and Pennant participated in his companion's popularity. Mike had no hesitation in recounting Pennant's history to Captain Tom, who perfectly well recollected the execution of Squire Ulick, and felt, as every manly heart must feel, deeply interested in the young man's success ; he therefore readily agreed to carry them to the coast of England, when his vessel should be fit for sea, if a release could not be obtained in a regular manner before then.

A month had elapsed since the receipt of Mrs. O'Mahony's first epistle, when a second communication from her came to hand—she wrote "to announce the return, from the General Post-office in London, of her letter 'To Colonel Blake,' with the words 'Not known at the address,' marked upon it. She thought it necessary to forward this piece of information, lest Pennant should attribute the delay to her negligence in fulfilling his wishes. It was impossible for her," she added, "to do more than she had done, as the Colonel's present residence was kept a secret from everyone."

Had the letter been confided to Mr. Pepper, it would have been regularly forwarded ; but, Mrs. O'Mahony never thought of that channel, and if she had, would not have availed herself of it—for, on a late occasion, the attorney had acted a part towards Captain Jack, which, if not actually criminal, was, at least, in her opinion, shabby in the extreme.

His kind friend urged Pennant to come at once to Ireland, without losing time in search of Colonel Blake—assuring him, that she and Mr. Mahon, "the fosterer," and faithful follower of his father, would be able to do everything needful to establish his claims, without any other assistance."

Mrs. O'Mahony was of an exceedingly sanguine as well as jealous disposition, and never hesitated to promise much more than she could perform, in the hope of success—as well as to monopolize the exclusive merit of any good or generous action, in which she might bear a part. In reality, nothing more than the speech of Dick Johnson and the declaration of Bradly, that Pennant was Squire Ulick's son, had been communicated to her—for a clear insight into the peculiarities of her character, and the dread of intrusting an important secret to a person of so excitable a disposition, had deterred Rory Mahon from making her the confidant of later discoveries.

Under such circumstances, Pennant thought it folly to defer his attempt to escape any longer. The fact of his having returned to Europe was now

known at the Admiralty, and to many in Ireland, and every further delay in clearing up his character and putting forward his claims, only afforded time for preparations for his enemies. Mrs. O'Mahony's letter was shown to Trouville, and the necessity for Pennant's prompt departure so fully explained, that the worthy privateer promised to land him on the coast of Kent, the first trip he should make in that direction. But considerable difficulties must be overcome before that could be accomplished. Aiding in the escape of a prisoner was a serious offence for a man in Trouville's position—and the preliminary step, namely, that of making their way from within the walls, he positively refused to have anything whatever to do with. The skipper's assistance was guaranteed only on one condition—that Pennant and Mike should meet him on the port, the night he intended putting to sea. Getting clear of the town was the most difficult part of the adventure to achieve—but Pierre Mulard undertook to aid them in crossing the walls, and repairing to the appointed rendezvous. Mulard lived in the "Courgain," a particular quarter, inhabited only by fishermen, and situated without the regular fortifications. It was then, as it is now, separated from the town by a deep ditch, flanked on either side by lofty walls, into which, at full tide, the sea flows to a considerable depth—and this circumstance made the difficulty of crossing all the greater. At high water it was impossible to pass without swimming, and the motion of the water would certainly attract the attention of the sentinels, even should the persons making the attempt have been fortunate enough to escape observation during their descent from the inner walls.

In such case, discovery became unavoidable—for the second wall, of more than twenty feet in height, must be climbed in full view of the soldier who patrolled the opposite ramparts. Once within the Courgain, there would be little fear of detection—for although that quarter also had its fortifications, the gate was always left open, in order that the fishermen and privateers, by whom the place was exclusively inhabited, might enter and depart as their occasions required—and Mulard could easily disguise his companions in the apparel of sailors, and so pass them out, without exciting any particular attention.

After the gates closed, Mike and Pennant were visited every night by a "sergeant de ville," at their apartments, to ascertain their presence; this, with the necessity of reporting themselves in the morning, formed the only restraints to which they were subject. Their lodgings had been at first in one of the streets most remote from the ramparts, on the sea-side—and Mulard caused them to remove to another apartment, in a street directly in front of the "Courgain." His sister lived as servant with their new landlady—and just opposite the door of the house was a "grille," which admitted the water from the gutters of the street into the main sewer leading to the open ditch, to which it afforded a short but very difficult means of access. This sewer, however, was only practicable at low water, or during the first period of the rising tide, as at high sea it was completely filled. It then became necessary that the hour selected for the escape should correspond as nearly as possible with the time when the tide

commenced to flow—for the clipper must have water to float her out—and it should be after the domiciliary visit had been paid the prisoners. To attempt to leave at quite low water would be dangerous—as then the delay before sailing must be longer, and the chance of arrest more probable. Trouville looked to his almanac, and managed so as to have all ready on a night which presented the requisite combination of circumstances. The wind blew freshly from the south-east, and the commencement of the night was dark and gusty. By ten o'clock the police-officer had made his rounds—and the old town soon after became as quiet as a village church-yard. The “grille” covering the entrance to the sewer had been previously well reconnoitred, and a few heaves of a crowbar easily raised it from its position. Mulard’s sister, a stout, masculine person, kept it upright, while Pennant was let down, Mike holding a rope which passed round his waist, until he reached the bottom. The fall of the ground being but slight, the distance to be descended was only a few feet—and having his companion to receive him below, Mike followed at once, without any assistance from above. The girl then allowed the grille to fall noiselessly into its original place, and the two men below groped their way on all-fours to the outlet of the sewer, and in a few minutes stood in the open ditch. The water not having risen much, Pennant stole cautiously across to the opposite wall, where a rope ladder was to have been let down by their accomplice—Mike remaining quiet until his companion’s continued absence should assure him that all was right. Pennant passed his hand carefully along the wall in all directions, without discovering anything, although he at once lighted on the vent of a small sewer on the Courgain side—the precise place at which Mulard had arranged that they should find the ladder. He waited some time in the hope of hearing a signal; but the clouds broke occasionally, and the rising moon cast its light near the spot on which he stood. There was danger to be apprehended from the sentinel, and also from Mike’s passing over, under the supposition that everything was prepared—he therefore resolved to return. The centre of the ditch being deeper than the banks on either side, Pennant was alarmed to find that the water, which before did not reach his hips, now almost covered his shoulders. Another half-hour without relief, and they must surrender or be lost—for already the sea nearly filled the mouth of the sewer, and it would be madness to attempt to return by it. The “grille” could not be raised from beneath it—and though one person might possibly save his life by holding on to the bars, and remaining thus suspended until the tide fell, there would not be room for the second, who must thus inevitably be drowned.

The fugitives stood close to the Town-wall in an agony of suspense—but still there was no sound to indicate the placing of the ladder—the wind had increased, the sea flew more swiftly past, and the moonlight burst more frequently through its scattered fragments; the tide flowed rapidly. Now, even on high ground, Pennant stood to the arm-pits in water, and their chances of success seemed momentarily diminishing. The sentinel paced his rounds above them, and more than once Pennant was about

giving up in despair. Presently the night grew darker, and their situation more embarrassing. A sharp shower of rain drove the sentry to his box, when men, approached from the Courgain, talking loudly—and as they passed, Pennant distinctly heard the rope touching the water; leaning on Mike's shoulder, who was by much the taller, and who could now with difficulty keep his mouth above the water, Pennant struck gently with his feet, but did not dare to move his hands. There was not a moment to be lost when they gained the opposite side, for Pennant had now no footing, he sprang up the ladder, and quickly cleared the wall. Mike was about to follow, when the sentinel challenged, "*Qui vive?*"

"*C'est moi, un bon ami,*" responded Mulard. The soldier retired again to shelter, while Pierre commenced vociferously abusing the dilatoriness of his companions, until Mike had safely accomplished the ascent. Mulard then retraced his steps, and returned to his own house, where a change of clothes was ready; and, muffled in shaggy great coats, long leather boots, and sou'wester caps, which completely concealed their persons, the three men then took their way to the port. As they passed the gate, their guide jested with the guard, and the latter wished him "*Bon voyage.*" Arrived opposite where the vessel lay, Trouville awaited them on the port, and they followed him at once to the cabin, the darkness of the night and their disguise screening them against the notice of such of the sailors as happened to be about. Mike and his companion safely stowed away, the Captain and Mulard came upon deck—the latter took the helm—sail was quickly set, and the "*Bonne Esperance*" having a fair wind, dashed gallantly out of the harbour, and steered direct for the English coast.

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## CHAPTER XX.

It so happened, that on this particular night, Lady Clifton and the guests attended a concert given for the benefit of the poor in the County-hall, and Tim and Mr. Bush, her ladyship's butler, sat up awaiting their return. Bush was a man of great consequence, indeed, in his mistress's establishment. Forty years of faithful services had endeared him to the family, and Sir Harry Clifton, besides bequeathing him a handsome annuity, had, when dying, committed him to the special care of his wife. Bush, now become old and infirm, seldom ventured to town, where his duties were entrusted to the under-butler, but at the hall he ruled lord paramount over the household. He was a short, stout man, and had latterly become rather shaky in the legs, and very much touched in the wind—his face was not at all interesting, being broad, pale, dull, and tallowy, while his large, light-blue eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets, whenever he laboured under one of his occasional fits of asthma. Although strictly honest and just, he was not popular in the servants' hall, where, being a man of business, he devoted himself exclusively to the performance of his own duties. Tim, who professed to have a remedy for every disease under the sun, immediately on his arrival at Clifton Hall, undertook the butler's

case—he dosed him with decoctions of garlic and other nauseous ingredients—and if he did not eradicate the disease, he at least managed to persuade his patient, that considerable benefit had been derived from his prescriptions.

As the friends sat together after dinner, Bush became unusually fidgetty, and an occasional cough, and continuous wheezing, denoted an approaching access of his malady.

“Don’t feel at all well this evening, Mr. Nolan.”

“You needn’t tell me that, Mr. Bush. Have you any more of the stuff?”

“Not a drop; I used the last on’t a week since, and I don’t think as how it did me the least manner of good. I’m tired on’t, you see—it’s but nasty stuff at best.”

“So it is,” harked in Tim—“so it is—and variety is charming in medicines as well as in everything else. Now, what would you think, Mr. Bushe, if you tried some mulled port? I’m a great hand at making it.”

“Well,” rejoined Bush, his fallow face lighting up with a sort of grin, approaching to a smile—“well, I shouldn’t care as I did—not a bad move that neither. Let’s have it—will you?”

“That I will, and I’ll bet a trifle that you never tasted the likes before. In fact, poor Master Mike, long ago, when he was flush in cash, gave the mess-man of the Inniskilling Dragoons five pounds for teaching me, and a dozen of the best wine, not to speak of sugar and spices, to practise on; an’ it took four nights as hard at it as we could go to make me perfect.”

The materials being at hand, Tim soon concluded the operation, after the most approved fashion, and placed the smoking beverage before Mr. Bush, who pronounced it to be “excellent.”

“Excellent, to be sure it is,” said his companion. “Oh, murther, murther,” he continued, the mulled wine having carried his thoughts back to the scenes of his youth, “oh, murther, Mr. Bush, if you only saw what I used to see long ago, when I was young—eighteen and twenty of the raal sort drinking it. There’s where the going used to be—myself making and the gentlemen hiding it as fast as they could. The raal right old stock of gentlemen, not the ‘shoneens’ that’s now-a-days, but fellows whose blood was too thick to run through a sieve.”

“You don’t say so,” said Bush; “Well, I never”—and he tossed off a bumper.

“Aye,” continued Tim; “them was what you might call gentlemen—and them was the chaps that used to fling about the money like dirt, whenever they chanced to have it.”

“Vails, eh?” said the butler, again doing justice to the liquor.

“Vails—to be sure, vails”—cried Tim; “there’s where the vails was, and the men that never forgot to give them. I never cleared the tables of a night when there happened to be a “scrimmage,” that the two gentlemen that was going into the corners didn’t give me their vails, before they took up their pistols, for fear of accident. “There, Tim, there’s half-a-guinea, my boy—and if anything happens, bury me decent,” was always



poor Master Mike's speech, heavens be his bed; I only wish he was alive and hearty as he used to be, and here to-night—and that 'd be a pattern for you of a raal Irish gentleman, body and sowl—six feet three in his stockings—and ready to fight the divil in a saw-pit any hour, night or day. Then there's fighting Johnny M'Dermot, another of the raal stuff, would call out—'Here, Tim, here ye divil's another of them same for you—and if anything happens me, drink my health and promotion in a regular good mull.' 'Long life to yer honours!' I used to say, of course, and then, if no one was hit, when they made it up again, there's where the fun was—divils, and grills, and mulls, and the divil knows what else, until it was hunting time in the morning."

"Vails still?" enquired Bush.

"To be sure, still, and to eternity."

"Well," resumed Bush, "I'm happy to hear that same, Mr. Nolan—for you see, sir, I halways had a disinclination like for the Irish, on account of those here vails—'cause, you see, he was some sort of a Irish lord or other as knocked them hup in this country—and did more damage by that same to reglar sarvents than hall the lords in Hireland and Scotland put together can't never undo—that a did."

"He was no Irishman," cried Tim, indignantly.

"Yes, but a was, though; I recollect as well as 'twas yesterday how it all comed about. Old Sir Gilbert, the grandfather of this last, was then living—a reglar one to go, too, I can tell you—I sarved three generations on them in this here hall, you know—well, he was a hard one to go, was old Sir Gilbert—and he used to dine with this here Irishman, as I mentioned—(dang it, what's his name?—let me see—but no matter.) Master used to dine with him often, and so used other noblemen and gentlemen; but then, you see, nobody could never git that ere man to dine with them. Often he asked him, did Sir Gilbert, but never would he put foot in the hall to dinner. Well I recollect master—(that's old Sir Gilbert as was)—telling a large party as war at dinner here, the reason of all that squeamishness like of the Irishman's. 'Well,' says he—(that's the master as then was, old Sir Gilbert)—'I have found all out'—(confound his name, I can't for the life of me recollect it)—'Why, that Irishman'—(he didn't say the word, you know)—'won't dine with us; he told me yesterday, when I pressed him, that he was too poor to dine out.' You should have seen how the company laughed outright at the thought of the man as gave the best and pleasantest dinners in London himself, being too poor to dine with any one helso. 'Yes,' said master, 'on my life, it's true—the vails, he told me outright, he couldn't afford the vails.' Well, I was laughing to myself at the sideboard, at the hidear, when master whops out—'And I have promised that I will not allow my servants to take any more, so that he may come.' 'And I,' 'and I,' 'and I,' shouted every man on 'em, in succession, 'T'll do the same; we'll neither give nor take, to make all smooth for him.' Well, Mr. Nolan, I can't tell—I don't know as I hever felt sich a sensation like come hover me, as at that ere moment. I never could, from

that ere day, until I met you, bear the very name of your country—that I couldn't—and when what happened got wind in the sarvents' hall, I can tell you, you shouldn't like to have heard what was said—that's a'll. But the man did knock up vails, howsomever—for there were a great many too ready to follow such a grubbish example, you see. Dear me," cried Bush, after he had concluded this oration, and tossed off the last glass of the mull, "dear me, I think, Mr. Nolan, as how I'm gittin' worser—hopen the winder, will you?"

Tim did as directed, and the butler undid his waistcoat and stock—but the shortness of breathing was evidently increasing. Bush sat immoveable, with his big round eyes staring, his mouth open, gasping for breath, and only able to nod his head in answer to Tim's enquiries or suggestions. "I'm worser, Mr. Nolan—worse and worse I'm gitting every moment."

"Then, I'll tell you what it is," said Tim; "now, what do you think if we'd be just after taking a walk on the say-side—there's plenty of time before the quality comes back, and the tide's full, you see—what do you think, eh?"

Bush shook his head negatively, and after a little, managed to mutter, "Night air—been raining."

"The devil a harm for that, when it's say-air."

"Well, I must go somewhere out of this here place," said Bush, jumping up, "I can't stay here no longer, no how."

Clifton Hall stood close upon the sea, and a walk, sheltered by shrubs—and overshadowed by forest trees, led to the beach, on which there were seats placed for the convenience of promenaders. Tim and his companion—the latter greatly relieved by getting into the open air—strolled slowly towards the sea, now roaring and dashing against the shingly shore. The wind had risen to a gale, and the waves cast their foam clear over the bu'warks of accumulated pebbles which opposed their progress.

"Well, upon my conscience," said Tim, "now, that's as noisy a little say of its size as ever I saw—if it was as big as the ocean with us, I don't doubt at all, but it 'id cut just as decent a figure."

"Close enough," interrupted Bush; "feel the spray—spoils hats and clothes."

"'Spray'—and do ye call that spray? Well, if you saw raal spray—I recollect once, when the sheriff of our county was bringing the Judge in his carriage—ah, that was the carriage!—they were driving along, about a mile from the ocean, when the Judge got a slap of the spray, that damaged his eye during the entire assizes, to sich a degree that he couldn't see to sign the presentments—just come on to this sate, where we'll have shelter from the shrubs—and we can sit down and look a little at it—you'll be all the better—see how well you are already—I knew that."

Bush, who really did experience considerable relief, allowed himself to be led on, and then both, being rather inconvenienced by the mulled port, sat contemplating the scene before them—Tim expatiating on the majesty of a

real ocean, compared to a little "bit of a say"—and Bush occasionally interrupting his narrative to announce, that he was rather thick in the tongue, or "summat hot in the coppers."

Meantime, the "*Bonne Esperance*," carrying every stitch of canvass she could crowd on, had rapidly crossed the Channel, and neared the English coast. The sea ran high, and the surf on the shore rendered the landing, (at all times unpleasant,) now absolutely perilous. Trouville had, on pretence of concealing the real character of the vessel, ordered all hands below, except Mulard, who held the helm; then, calling Pennant and Mike on deck, he pointed out the hazard of attempting to reach the land—but the former, who was well accustomed to the coast, having often been anchored in the Downs, made light of his objections, and resolved to run any risk rather than return to Calais—and so, not only consign himself to prison, but compromise the safety of his adventurous friend. Both he and Mike could swim well—and, after much consultation, the small boat, which hung at the stern, was lowered, and the vessel run as close in as safety would permit—Pennant and Mike, after bidding a hearty adieu to their kind deliverer, and amply rewarding the services of Mulard, undressed, ready for any emergency; and each, carrying his upper garments tied in a bundle on his shoulders, swung himself from the stern rope into the boat. This manœuvre was effected within a short distance of where the butlers sat; but the shrubs which sheltered them shut the privateer from their view—and the small boat was concealed by the height of the shingle, along which she crept, watching a favourable opportunity to gain the land. Mike steered and Pennant pulled. A slight projection of the beach served in some degree to break the violence of the swell, and Pennant rested on his oars, waiting a fitting moment to make his dash. The swell came, and just as, mounted on the crest of a huge wave, they rolled upon the shore, the two butlers rose to depart.

The first crash stove the boat to pieces, and its occupants were sucked back by the re-reating sea. Again and again they gained the shore, but the shingle yielded to their tread, and before they could mount out of reach they were drawn down again by fresh breakers. Pennant was nearly exhausted, when, fortunately, Mike succeeded in establishing himself firmly, and seizing his companion, dragged him safely on the beach. The whole occurrence, though actually happening beneath the very spot on which they stood, did not attract the attention of the servants; for, so loud was the roar of the sea, and the noise caused by the shifting of the stones, that the crash of the boat against the shore could not be heard. The shingle stood almost as abrupt as a wall, still fully six feet higher than the beach on which Mike rested above reach of the waves—and having recovered breath, he made a vigorous exertion, and gained the top of it, just as Tim Nolan advanced to take a last and closer view of the sea.

The moon shone full on Mike's face, as he rose from the bent position his ascent necessitated, and stood ready to set foot upon the level ground. Tim gazed motionless on the apparition, and then ejaculating "Master

Mike!" ran towards his astonished friend, behind whom he entrenched himself, muttering prayers—and blessing himself as rapidly as he could.

The exclamation uttered by poor Tim had a magic effect upon the individual to whom it was addressed, who could not discern the face or figure of the speaker, for the salt water streaming from his hair filled his eyes, and the light was unfavourable—but hearing his own name unmistakably pronounced, Mike threw himself again quickly on the shingle, and rolled down to where Pennant lay.

"I'm done, my dear fellow," he whispered to the latter; "betrayed—the Frenchman's sold me—the guard on the beach has my name as pat as the alphabet. Stay quiet a bit, I'll jump into the sea and swim for it, sooner than be taken and hanged."

Meantime, a resolute struggle was taking place, between Tim and Bush, each endeavouring to keep the other between him and the enemy, not a word being spoke by either—for what with fright and fatigue, Bush was incapable of uttering a syllable, and Tim occupied his time in repeating all manner of exorcisms.

When they managed to get the other side of the shrubs, both took to flight—Tim leading, and old Bush running a much better second than could have been anticipated. The moment Tim entered the house he attempted to close the door, and shut out his companion, but Bush rushed with his whole might against it, and then both rolled together into the passage. The noise brought the servants from the hall, and the two magnates were borne in by tittering footmen. Tim fainted the moment he saw the light—and Bush sat gasping in a great arm-chair, his goggle eyes rolling fearfully about, as he stupidly looked from one to another of the domestics, in reply to their questions.

"What ever can be the matter with Mr. Bush and Mr. Nolan?" said the housekeeper, as she advanced with her bottle of smelling salts.

"Nothing whatsoever," said one of the footmen, "only I s'pose they've had a trifle too much liquor, and have had a bit of a shindy—I seed them from the winder 'at it' on the walk."

Bush threw his eyes upon the fellow, and attempted to speak, but he could not articulate, and was obliged to remain content with a wheeze. The housekeeper's restoratives soon caused Tim to open his eyes—but he had no sooner recovered consciousness, than he flew again towards Bush, and jammed himself behind him in the great arm-chair, exclaiming, "Father of mercy, defend us! Holy Mother, save us!"

Bush seemed quite as nervous, for he kept up a determined struggle with his opponent, each endeavouring to establish himself at the other's back; while the footmen laughed outright, and the housekeeper stood amazed, a thundering knock announced the arrival of Lady Clifton and her friends—the servants flew to open the door and receive them; but no sooner did the two butlers perceive that they were left alone, than both dashed after the others, and reached the hall just as the ladies entered. Tim flung himself upon his knees, and seized Miss Bingham's dress—Bush imitated his example, and held Lady Clifton's legs fast in his embrace.

"Father of mercy, defend us!" ejaculated Tim—but Bush looked helplessly in his mistress's face—there was a momentary pause—and the servants, no longer able to retain their gravity, burst into laughter.

"What can this mean?" demanded Lady Clifton; "Bush, what is the matter with you?"

A wheeze and a cough was the only reply.

"Tim, why do you act so?" cried Miss Bingham, endeavouring to disengage herself.

"Master Mike! oh, Master Mike!—I saw him, I saw him, Mis;" and he resumed his hold more firmly; while Bush, as if influenced by all Tim's movements, made a similar effort to secure Lady Clifton.

At this moment Colonel Blake appeared, and stood silently looking from one to the other, while the ladies were being released, and the two men removed. The housekeeper insinuated the cause of such extraordinary conduct on Bush's part to her mistress, who took no farther notice of the matter from motives of delicacy—while Kate communicated what she had heard to her uncle, who felt perfectly astonished at Tim's behaviour—but was too indulgent to make more particular enquiries.

Supper had scarcely ended when Tim insisted on seeing his master; and Bush, who had by this time recovered his voice, accompanied him, for the purpose of offering explanations, and clearing his character from the innuendoes which he was conscious had been thrown out against him, and which he had not the capacity to refute on the instant.

The moment Bush's face appeared within the dining-room-door, Lady Clifton exclaimed—

"Do, Bush, pray do, go to bed; we don't want you here at all;" as Tim followed, Colonel Blake directed him to leave the room. But both commands were unheeded, and the two men advanced resolutely towards the table.

"I'm come to tell you, sir," said Tim, "that I saw Master Mike to-night, saw him as plain and as clear as I see you now."

"Nonsense!" cried the Colonel. "Tim, I am astonished at you to behave in this manner, for the first time in your life, and in a strange house, too—go to bed."

"As heaven's above me, I saw him, and so did Mr. Bush—didn't you, Mr. Bush?"

"Well, I don't say as how I see'd that same gemman as you talk of, not knowing anything whatsomedever about him, but I see'd some'un to a dead certainty."

"I declare most solemnly, Colonel, it was Master Mike—heaven between us and harm—I saw him come out of the say, and stand before me, and sink into it again."

"That a did, I can vouch," said Bush; "and arter he did go into the water, why, I seed him myself skipping off on the top of a wave, just as clear as I sees your ladyship now." (It was the keel of the wrecked boat Mr. Bush saw—but fancy can magnify and distort things amazingly.) Colonel Blake looked fixedly for some moments at Tim, and having put some questions, seemed satisfied that the man was not drunk.

"Follow me to my room"—and he bid the ladies good night.

The interview between the frightened old man and his master lasted for a considerable time, and the Colonel felt convinced that his servant was the dupe of some illusion, which had completely upset his reason.

"He's between froth and water—I know he is—and, please the Lord, I won't sleep to-morrow night, your honour," exclaimed Tim, as he made his exit, "until I send a pound-note to Father Barney, and get him moved to some better quarters. It 'id be a bad day I wouldn't do that much for him, after all the money ever he gave me—and the compliment he paid me in appearing to me before all the world. I'll do it, Master Mike, dear, I'll do it—and Father Barney 'ill be able to make you comfortable, any how."

Tim kept his word; he wrote a long and true account of the matter to the Priest, beseeching his reverence "to move Master Mike to some more fitting place than his present settlement between 'froth and water,'" and suggesting, "that if he couldn't 'be laid' out and out at once, entirely, he might, at least, be brought to the ould Abbey, where he'd have shelter and peace—or to the green room in the Castle, where he used to sleep"—the latter course being recommended as the more preferable—"for the poor gentleman's ease would not only be greatly increased, but if he must walk, he'd be able to worry Pincher into the bargain." The only addition made to the story, wholly inconsistent with truth, was, "that the ghost specially relied on his reverence, and cautioned Tim not to forget sending a brand-new bank-note."

Mike and Pennant remained some time quiet after their misadventure, but their clothes being wetted when the boat upset, the cold became intolerable, and compelled them to move. When Pennant raised his head cautiously, to reconnoitre, no one appeared in view to molest them.

Unwilling to be discovered in their present plight, and fearing to subject Mike especially to a particular inspection, they struck into the fields, and then made for the town of Deal, which was not far off. Arrived at the inn, a warm supper with some brandy punch was the prelude to a good night's rest; and at an early hour in the morning the tailor was summoned, and orders given for clothes. The waiter, who had been many years in the house, recognised Pennant as an old customer, and gave him the pleasing intelligence, that some of his former shipmates were then lying in the Downs, and would, no doubt, be on shore during the day. To one of those officers Pennant despatched a note, announcing his own arrival, and his object in coming to England, and requesting that he would come to dinner, bring a change of clothes with him, and as much spare money as he could command. The invitation to one brought half a dozen hearty, high-spirited, and kind-hearted fellows, each anxious to hail his old comrade, and ready to contribute to his comfort in clothes or cash. Pennant received them in bed, and then there was an interchange of questions and answers as to why he had left the country? what had befallen him? and how he escaped? After a full and satisfactory explanation, and a luncheon of good cheese and sparkling ale, our hero, dressed from his borrowed wardrobe, strolled out for a walk with his jovial companions. As they roamed,



slowly, along one of the many sequestered and beautiful roads by which Deal is surrounded, two ladies and a gentleman rode rapidly past in the same direction. Pennant was engaged in conversation with his more particular friend, and did not notice the riders until one of the party, some paces in advance, saluted them as they dashed on, and then remarked—

"I say, old fellow, there's what you may call a fine figure—the finest girl, on my life, I think I ever saw."

"The lady alluded to rode on the near side of the road, and was chatting with the gentleman who accompanied them—her face could not be seen by Pennant, who merely remarked, "That she had a fine figure, indeed."

"Aye," said the officer, "you may say that, and she's beautiful as well. Russell of the 'Aigle,' was spooney upon her, but it's no go. She's engaged to Charlton of Charlton—that man riding with her and Lady Clifton."

"It will come off in a month," said another.

"They say so," answered the first. "I hope we shant be removed, for there will be lots of sport after they return from their wedding trip."

Pennant scarcely heard what was said, for his thoughts were running on another figure still finer in his estimation—his spirits were buoyant—he trod on English soil once more, free from those mental sufferings which had so long weighed heavily upon his heart. Now, the prospect before him was unclouded and glorious—an honoured name—an independent fortune, and a lovely bride—all within his reach, and no earthly care to mar his enjoyment. The evening passed in unbounded hilarity, and Mike, who remained at home from prudential motives, joined the party at dinner, under a fictitious name, and contributed much to the general mirth by the amusing anecdotes which he related.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

The tailor was punctual with the outfits next morning, and, after breakfast, to which all the officers present the preceding night had volunteered to come, Pennant and Mike were to post to Canterbury, and from thence take the mail for London.

The beefsteak and cold meats had been despatched—Pennant was engaged arranging a newly-purchased portmanteau, and the jolly Lieutenants were looking out of the windows, passing time away, until the chaise should come round, and they could see their friend clear under weigh, when one of them hallowed out—

"I say, Pen, old fellow, come here and have a peep at the girl's face, whose figure you admired so much yesterday."

Pennant went to the window. A gentleman and two ladies on horseback had drawn up in the street below, while the groom came to the inn-door, to give some commands. Could he believe his eyes? One of them was Kate—his own Kate Bingham. Fortunately, his companions were too

attentive to the motions of the party without to notice the change in his countenance.

"Hush," cried one, "let's hear what the groom says."

Pennant beckoned Mike to the window, who appeared as thunderstruck as himself.

"Post-horses, by all that's lovely," cried one.

"Four," added another; "I heard the order distinctly."

"Hurrah," shouted a third, hopping about the room, "it's going to come off at last. What jolly fun we shall have, old fellows."

Whilst this conversation was passing, the party on horseback rode on, and Pennant, accompanied by Mike, retired unnoticed to the adjoining bedroom, ostensibly to finish their preparations or departure. Pennant closed the door, and looked at his companion, whose countenance indicated as great an amount of mental suffering as his own. After a pause—"That was Miss Bingham?"

"It was."

"Is there no doubt upon your mind about it?"

"None whatever—I could not be mistaken."

Pennant flung himself upon the bed, and burying his face in the clothes, gave way to a torrent of grief. Mike did not venture to disturb him, for he not only felt the deepest compassion for his friend's crushing and unexpected disappointment, but also fully appreciated the delicacy of his own position. It was on the strength of a connection, now never likely to be formed, that he had attached himself to Pennant, and shared in his fortunes, without hesitating to accept pecuniary obligations at his hands. Kate, who professed an unalterable attachment heretofore, had then evidently changed her mind, just at the moment when her first love was forthcoming; and now, in consequence of her fickleness, he must be left penniless and alone in a country where he was proclaimed as a traitor, and a price set upon his head; for, come what might, he determined to rid Pennant of his presence, which, he presumed, must necessarily be hateful to him.

At length, one of the officers knocked at the door—

"Halloo! Pen, Tom's here, to say, that if you don't make haste, you can't possibly catch the mail."

Pennant sprang from the bed.

"I'm coming," he cried, and Mike accompanied him into the sitting-room, where the waiter attended with the bill. The young men did not cease their conversation, which still referred to the anticipated wedding.

"Has she money?" said one.

"The reports on that head are various," answered another; "I've heard she'll have a large property, from some—and others again tell me that the estate was forfeited, when her father was hanged, after the rebellion—and that she'll have nothing but what her uncle, who is, they say, hard enough up himself, chooses to give her."

"Oh," cried the first, "her father, I believe, was not absolutely hanged; he would, had he been caught—but it's said he's not yet taken. There's a large reward offered at this moment for his apprehension."

"If you could only lay hands on him, Jarvies," cried a youngster, giving his neighbour a tuck under the ribs, "it would clear scores with that snob of an outfitter, who's worrying you so damnably."

There was a general roar at this sally.

"At all events, the horses are ordered, Tom?" said the first.

"No doubt of that, sir," said the waiter, who had just then received the amount of the bill, which Pennant had been apparently conning over during the foregoing colloquy. The officers preceded their friend down stairs—as he was about to follow, Mike touched him on the shoulder—

"Captain Pennant."

"Not here, not here," cried Pennant, hastily; "we'll talk the matter over as we go along. Be quick!"

The conversation which he had just heard not only confirmed Mike's conviction as to Kate's identity, but created considerable alarm on his own account; he doubted not that the description of his person was posted on the very walls of the town they were about to leave, and therefore did not hesitate to enter the post-chaise, taking special care to conceal his face, as much as possible, during the passage from the inn-door to the vehicle.

"I never saw so changed a man in my life," said one officer, as the chaise drove off.

"Well, I can't see that," said another; "he was quite as usual, last night, and this morning he may have eaten something which disagreed with him. But be assured his heart's in the right place still."

The post-boy put his horses to their utmost pace, and the chaise rolled merrily along—but neither of its occupants spoke for the first two miles. At length Mike broke silence—

"Captain Pennant, I feel that our relative position is now greatly altered. If Miss Bingham acts as, it is said, she is about to do, she disgraces herself, in my eyes, to eternity—and never, never, so long as I live, shall I hold any communication with her. But I know too well what a cruel disappointment this is to you, and I am quite aware that, as the relative of a woman that has behaved so dishonourably, I should neither obtrude upon you my companionship, nor burthen you with my support; I have, therefore, determined to leave you at the first stage, with thanks for your past kindness, and every good wish for your future prosperity."

"And what would you propose doing?" demanded Pennant, after a pause.

"That I really cannot tell."

"Mike," said Pennant, resuming his former unceremonious manner, "that cannot be. To procure my liberty, you risked your own safety—and a handsome and well-secured independence. You cannot, surely, think me so heartless as to suppose that I shall receive such sacrifices at your hands, without endeavouring to repay them. My guest you must remain until I can procure your pardon—and then, as a matter of justice, I shall insist on your acceptance of an annuity equivalent to that which the French Government accorded, and which you forfeited solely on my account. It is true I had hoped that our connection would have been more intimate

than it is now ever likely to be—I fondly looked forward to the time when, as my relative and friend, you should again occupy your room in Dunseverick, and have your pointers and hunters, as you used of old.”

“I’ll never cross a horse again,” interrupted Mike, “if you were married fifty times over. Poor Lightning carried me while I could ride—now he’s dead, and I’m too old to make new acquaintances. No, I’ll never ride again—never—if I lived to the age of Methusalem.”

“No one knows,” continued Pennant, “how I loved that girl, who has so wantonly trifled with my feelings. Had she believed me dead, or untrue, I could have pardoned her—but my repeated letters to Colonel Blake, some of which he, no doubt, received, must have apprized both of my existence, and of my unaltered affection. Could he have shewn them to her? would he be guilty of such baseness as to conceal them for the purpose of inducing her to marry another? If I thought there was foul play, I swear I’d drive back this moment—denounce such villany to his teeth, and claim the fulfilment of her plighted troth from Kate herself.”

“Maurice Blake would not tarnish his honour by suppressing the truth—no, not to secure the first match in England,” replied Mike, proudly.

“Oh,” cried Pennant, “that I had never quitted the wilderness, to mix again in the world of civilization and deceit. There, at least, I had day-dreams of happiness, and amidst the ruins of my own hopes, built up an image of loveliness and truth, which I could gaze upon and worship. But now I return to be confronted with the stern reality—to see my vision dissipated—my hopes destroyed—and the idol which I had worshipped transformed into the fiend who mocks my misery. I believe you, Mike—I believe you. Colonel Blake could not act so dishonourable a part.”

“Only for how I am circumstanced, I’d know the truth myself; and it’s not my own safety that would deter me from the attempt, but his.”

“I know that—I know that.”

“I can’t believe it still,” cried Mike, from a reverie; “if she’s false, there’s not a true woman on this earth.”

“They were now ascending a steep hill, and the postilion alit to ease his horses. Mike resolved to sound his knowledge.

“I say, my good lad, you’re soon to have a grand wedding—aren’t you?”

“Aye, sir,” replied the lad, “Squire Charlton’s agoing to marry the young lady who’s staying at Clifton Hall.”

“Are you sure that’s true?”

“Certain—the groom ordered posters for to-morrow. Dick, the ostler, says it’s only for the ball, but Tom, the waiter, says it’s for the wedding; and master says as much, too, and that the ball’s only a make believe, to keep the folks from thronging the church. I don’t care which way it is myself, ’cause it won’t be my turn to go with the cattle.”

“But they’re surely to be married?” my lad, rejoined Mike, still hoping to extract a doubt.

“O yes, that’s certain,” said the boy, as he mounted, “for I heard the sarvints talking at the hall the other night of all the doings as was to be there on the wedding-day.”

The crack of his whip, as he pressed on his horses, cut short the conversation, and Mike drew back, thoroughly disconcerted. They had arrived at the first stage, and transferred themselves into the new chaise, where Mike betook himself at once, from motives of precaution, and Pennant, from a desire to escape all avoidable contact with humanity. The last postillion was standing at the door, taking a glass of ale from the landlord, while the new team was being traced in.

"Well, Jim," said the host "has you heard anything of the wedding?"

"Why, yes; four posters has been ordered this morning, just as we left. Some says it's for it, and others that it's not."

"Aye, aye," said the landlord, "I told you, Ben," addressing his own official, "as how the squire would do it on the sly. But, you see, I got a hint—I'm not Dick Waters—if we hasn't orders ourselves to have four ready at an hour's notice. Be sure you keep the best cattle at home, and have the harness as it ought to be—you know; the entire thing; and no mistake. I know'd well the squire would play that trick, you see—she's making a good hit, anyhow."

"That she is," said the landlady, "catching the oldest family and largest estate in the country—and it is an odd thing after all, that Squire Charlton would think of marrying the likes of her."

"Who is the lady?" asked a decent-looking farmer, whose nag was baiting in the stable.

"Well, as to that," replied the landlady, "I can't tell you much, only they say she's in mourning for an old rebel of a father of hers, as was hanged for joining the French."

"A queer cross that," said the landlord to his customer; "for the Charltons, as always and ever more, was the stiffest king's men in the country. Jaek, my lad, take the cattle kindly." And away they went.

Under other circumstances Pennant would have remarked the sudden transitions which Mike's countenance underwent during the conversation we have related—every word of which he heard. Indignation fired his eye when the disparity of rank between the bride and bridegroom was spoken of. But an expression of horror at what his fate might have been, or might yet be, quickly supervened, when the fact of his being already hanged, or the probability of his undergoing that unpleasant operation, at no distant period, was alluded to.

At one moment he gave way to despondency, when his own perilous position recurred to his mind; and at another a smile of contentment stole over his face, as he remembered that Dunseverick would, doubtless, be redeemed and restored to its former splendour by the wealthy alliance which Kate was about to make. For himself, he had but little hopes, as he felt convinced, from the second proof received, in one day, of his celebrity—that his story was known all over England, and that his person could not long escape identification.

It was dusk when they reached the inn at Canterbury, and Pennant enquired if they could have dinner at once?

"Why, the house is very full, sir—very full, indeed," said the waiter.

"The officers of the —— Dragoons marched in to-day, sir—and they dines here, sir, as the barracks won't be ready for them until to-morrow. It's impossible to get anything yet a little, as they're just going to sit down."

"Well, I'm sure, Bob," remarked the landlord, (who had just been inspecting the portmanteau, on which "Captain Pennant," was ticketted, without the owner's knowledge)—"I'm sure, if you takes the gennelmen's cards to the Colonel, he'll have no manner of objection to allow them to join, under the circumstances. The regiment's just come from Hireland, sir," continued the host, "where they cut up the rebels confoundedly. It was they as finished the business at Ballinamuck." (The glass door opened, and a strapping young fellow marched upstairs—his sabre and spurs clanking all the time. Mike instinctively turned his face to the wall the moment he heard of Ballinamuck. The waiter gave him a touch, and whispered—

"There's the very hoffer as cut down the rebel, General Blake, with his own hand, after they fought as good as half an hour, as his sarvint tells me."

Mike wouldn't look round for the world.

"Sarved the rascal right," (rejoined the landlord,) "I should like to have the hanging of every d —— d rebel amongst them."

Poor Mike's neck felt queerish.

"Thank you," replied Pennant, seeing the confusion of Mike, and also fully appreciating the danger of recognition.) "We're not fond of gay society, and prefer the traveller's room, if you please."

They were shown in there—the landlord setting them down, either as impostors, who assumed military rank, to which they were not entitled, or as niggers, without spirit enough to support the dignity of their profession.

Mike got into the darkest corner of one of the most secluded boxes, where, notwithstanding his fright, he did ample justice to the round of cold beef, and foaming ale placed before them. While thus employed, he began to think his terrors exaggerated, and in the plenitude of his enjoyment, and by way of disarming suspicion, he even ventured to enter into conversation with two gentlemen, who occupied an opposite box, and who appeared to be intelligent and agreeable persons, when the waiter arrived with glasses of gin and water which they had ordered.

"I say, Ben," said one of them, addressing him—"that's all gammon you told us just now, about that young officer being the man who killed that rebel—what's his name?"

"Blake," responded the other.

"Aye, Blake; why, this gentleman says Blake's not dead at all, but that he's hunted about at this moment, and can't escape being taken much longer."

"Well, sir," answered Ben, "I'm sure I can't say for certain of my own knowledge, I only told you as I heard myself, from the hoffer's sarvint."

"Well, I can tell you it's all nonsense," said the second gentleman, "Blake's not dead at all, and, its perfectly ascertained that he's in England at this moment, and very well known; but for the cowardice of a fellow, who came suddenly on him, a few nights since, he might be in Newgate



now, but he'll soon be—I could give a smart guess myself as to his whereabouts,” and he left the box as he concluded.

Mike first expected a direct attack, and he held the carving knife ready for defence—the man passed on.

“He must be going to call the soldiers to assist him.” He stopped, however, at the fire, deliberately raised his coat skirts, and whilst enjoying the warmth of the position, directed his eyes, (as Mike supposed,) fixedly towards himself.

“Ask if the mail will soon be in?” whispered the poor rebel to Pennant, “I’m afraid to speak on account of my accent.”

The sound of the guard’s horn, rendered the enquiry unnecessary. They tossed off the ale, paid the bill, and jumped into the coach, which delayed, in Mike’s opinion, much longer than was necessary.

His friend, the traveller, came to the door, during the hurried interval of suspense—a sergeant of dragoons joined him, they conversed for a moment—the traveller pointed towards the coach. The sergeant approached it, then stopped, as if in doubt—(Mike was in an agony)—and whispered something to the guard, who shouted, “All right,” and away they went, as fast as horseflesh could take them.

The mail was full—six inside. Mike sat next the window, his opposite neighbour behaved very politely, as far as regarded the adjustment of legs, and seemed much disposed to enter into conversation. What with the cold beef and ale, and his almost miraculous escape, Mike felt rather disposed to be communicative himself, the remainder of the journey would be performed before daylight, and once in London, Pennant assured him there could be little danger of detection.

“Any objection to have the window open?” said his *vis-a-vis*.

“Not at all,” responded Mike.

“The wind is south, I think?”

“Yes, sir, the wind is due south, how the scent would lie to-day! southerly wind and cloudy sky, you know, bespeak a hunting morn.”

“Yes, the scent would lie rank. Never had a smarter run in my life, than on just such another day last season. Seven miles, in thirty minutes, without a check.”

“Smart work that,” replied Mike, “but I’ve done as much.”

“Aye, aye, sir, in your open grass country—Irish, I rather think, from your accent—excuse me.”

“Yes, sir, Irish.”

“I know your country well, sir, often hunted there, when a young man. Some capital fellows, and first rate horses, prime fencers, sir, nothing comes amiss to them—but sir, your coverts are farther asunder than ours, and when pug’s banged out of one, why d—n it, he must make for another. Little opportunity for dodging about, it’s touch and go with him. May I ask what part you generally hunt in?”

“The west,” answered Mike, (the ground was getting ticklish.)

“Lord bless me, the west—aye, to be sure, I know it well, as well as my own demesne, sir. What county? may I take the liberty?”

"Every one in Connaught."

"Aye, Connaught, yes, to be sure. No better hunting than in some of those counties. I have a perfect and pleasing recollection of all the happy days I passed, and all the pleasant fellows I met there." "Ah, yes, there was one, a most particular friend of mine, who, I'm sorry to hear, has made a bad finish of it—and strange enough, your figure and face, by the light of the lamp, as you came in, recalled him to my recollection. You may possibly have heard of the Blakes of Dunseverick. I protest, sir, even your voice reminds me of poor Maurice."

"Yes, sir," said Mike, "I have heard of him."

"I knew him; I never met a better fellow, nor keener sportsman in my life."

"There were few who understood fox-hunting better, or threw his heart into it more thoroughly in early life," said Mike.

"And a capital pack he had," continued the stranger, "and well hunted too. Maguire, I think, was the huntsman's name—good hands and seat his—had a correct idea of what he was about—didn't overrun his dogs or bully them too much. There was a young rascal, a whip—let me see, I forget the fellow's name."

"Jemmy Maguire," said Mike, warning to the subject; "as plucky a chap as ever cracked whip at the tail of a pack."

"Aye, to be sure—Jemmy Maguire—they were high bred, though *rather* small dogs—were those of Blake's."

"Large enough for any earthly purpose," replied Mike; "it was with them I had the fastest and best runs—and then we weren't crushed and crowded by a set of fellows who only come out that they may be seen sporting a red coat, and who have not the least idea in life either of riding or hunting. Your fields are too large in England, sir—its frightful—positively frightful, to have over an hundred fellows powdering after you at the first burst—and sure to powder over you, too, if your horse makes a mistake, and gives them an opportunity—ten or twelve jolly hearts, who know how to do the thing—and will do it—are quite enough—plenty of room—no haste—no tailing while the hounds are going—nor riding on them when they're hunting slow—all well up—and every good hit duly appreciated."

"Right, sir—perfectly right, sir," cried his *vis-a-vis*.

"Talking of good runs, sir," continued Mike, "the quickest and best I ever had was one of seven Irish miles in five and thirty minutes, without a check, with Blake's hounds. They may talk of runs this length and that length, but I maintain, sir, that no fox well and fairly hunted, ever ran further, before a good pack, always supposing that he can't dodge, and that the scent lies—"

"Agreed, sir—agreed to the letter."

"Well, sir," said Mike, "but about this seven miles' run—I'll just tell you how it happened. You see, we killed our first fox in a large, thirty-acre grass-field—close to a sheep cove, which nearly stood in the middle of it. There were but eight of us altogether, as well as I remember, and

while walking our horses about—you know to recover their wind—that very same little devil of a boy that you asked after—Jemmy Maguire—jumped over the small wall that surrounded it at the hay-cock—when, what should break from the sewer that ran under it but as fine a dog-fox as ever you looked on. The hounds went off at an *entapis*; and, be assured, there's where the clipping was. He made with the wind straight for Ballendowny, and reached the cover without a check."

"Unless," interrupted his companion, "that might be called one when he attempted to traverse at the Cross-roads, and the old white and tanned dog, 'Jostler,' I think they called him, hit it off so cleverly."

"Aye," continued Mike, utterly astonished, but afraid to stop too abruptly, "it could not be called a check—poor 'Pug' was run into at the earth's mouth—we had some stiff fences—that there's no doubt about—it was no joke I can tell you, sir, to clear the deer-park wall—full six feet at the end of so many miles—done at such a pace—and, I can assure you, four of us took it at the same moment, almost knee to knee."

"It was as pretty a thing as ever I saw done in all my experience, sir," said the stranger. "I was one of the four myself."

"Indeed?" enquired Mike, with amazement.

"Indeed I was; and, you may remember that little black and white bitch, with the tanned muzzle, 'Frantic,' that buckled the fox first, and got so sore a nip for her trouble that she fainted."

"Well, it's odd—very odd," said Mike; "how people will meet accidentally."

"Very odd, indeed," reiterated the stranger; "by the way, there was a hell-raky sort of devil out that day, that you must have known something about—he was the very first into the deer-park, if I remember right—a cousin of poor Blake's, who was very kind to him—a regular scamp. I thought to ask him to the mess, but our fellows wouldn't stand it—too quarrelsome—always in rows with the attorneys—made a rum finish—became a regular bad'un—told the scoundrel seized Blake's estate when the rebellion broke out, and held the house till driven out by main force—d—d ungrateful that, to attempt to rob his benefactor. Killed, I hear, afterwards in a scrimmage—pity he was'n't hanged—no excuse for ingratitude and treachery."

Mike groaned and was silent. On arriving at the stage, where time was allowed for supper, he declined leaving the coach with the other passengers. When they returned he was asleep, and slept, or pretended to do so, until they reached their destination. After delivering the mail the coach proceeded to the "Golden Cross," Charing-cross, then an inn of great celebrity. Not wishing to expose Mike to the scrutiny of the crowd, who usually awaited its arrival, Pennant got out in the Strand—near to Northumberland-court—where he intended putting up, at a sort of boarding-house, much frequented by naval men, and with which he had become acquainted when a "Middy."

Daylight had fairly broken as they quitted the coach, and the fox-hunter, awakened by the sudden stop, shook Mike heartily by the hand,

and begged him to dine with him at the "Hummums." "Good port there, sir, and we'll have another chat about poor Blake and old Dunsilverick."

A few minutes after, they were comfortably installed at Mrs. Benbow's. Mike was stowed away in an attic, to remove him from observation—and the landlady received a caution to be circumspect; "his friend was," (Pennant privately informed her,) "entirely out at elbows, and disinclined to see strange visitors."

"Captain Pennant," said Mike, solemnly, as they sat at breakfast, "I don't wonder you should regret the wilds of America, for, little as I know about them, I wish to be there myself. I wouldn't undergo all I have suffered for the last forty-eight hours again for my whole estate, if it was to be given back to me as it came from my father—to be damned as a rebel is bad enough, but to be obliged to listen quietly, while one's family is made little of, and one's self accused of ingratitude and treachery, is beyond bearing—you can't imagine what I endured. If I was free to take the fellow by the throat, and call him out afterwards, I wouldn't care—to be obliged to let the lie circulate more widely, without daring to contradict it, is worse—far worse—than all the trials of Job. Why, sir, there was'n't a human being in that coach, (probably yourself included,) who didn't believe that I attempted to rob my cousin, while, in fact, I risked my life to preserve his property, and am an exile to-day, all from gratitude for the very kindnesses the world thinks I so basely required. I suppose Maurice thinks so, too. Heaven help me, that has no way of explaining matters to him, and them that—I do wish I was in America, where one would neither meet attorneys nor liars. And if you go—"

"I'll take you with me; but my time for the present will be so occupied, that you must excuse me if I can not see you so much as I could wish—meanwhile, don't be uneasy—and on the other hand, don't be incautious until I call upon my friends, and see what can be done."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE IRISH HIERARCHY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER II.

ON the 21st November, (1645,) Rinuccini, after a few days' repose in the residence\* which the confederates appointed for him at Kilkenny, proceeded on foot to pay a formal visit to Lord Mountgarret, then president of the council, who, to do the Pope's minister greater honor, had arranged that the reception should take place in the grand gallery of the ancient castle of the Ormonds. On this occasion he was accompanied by general Preston, lord Muskerry, and other distinguished personages, who, doubt-

\* Most probably the fine old mansion of the Rooth (or Rothe) family.

less, were anxious to witness the interview, and learn what hopes they might entertain of succour from abroad, for prosecuting the war against the king's enemies. At foot of the grand staircase, he was met by Thomas Walsh, archbishop of Cashel, Thomas Fleming, archbishop of Dublin; and Heber Mac-Mahon, bishop of Clogher; who, after mutual congratulations, ascended the stairs, and were then ushered, by Sir Richard Bellings, into the presence of the lord-president. The latter was seated at the head of the gallery, but when the nunzio appeared, he stood up, without, however, advancing a single step, and as soon as the ceremony of presentation was over, he motioned the Pope's high minister to a chair, covered with gold and crimson damask, at his right, but so placed, that neither of them could be said to be *the central figure*. Rinuccini then handed his credentials to the president, who caused the document to be read aloud, and when this was concluded, the former addressed all present in Latin, stating that the grand object of his mission, was to maintain the rights of the Catholics, to promote union of parties, and to assist the king in his struggle with the parliamentarians. At the conclusion of his speech, he gave them all the apostolic blessing, and after a few words in reply, spoken by Mac-Mahon, bishop of Clogher, he took leave of the president and retired, the bishops accompanying him as far as the grand entrance of the castle, and Preston, Muskerry, and others, to the saloon of his own domicile, which was now distinguished by the insignia of his nunciature.\* The reception, indeed, was cold and rigidly formal, and Rinuccini must have remarked, that Mountgarret, although a Catholic, would have been much better pleased, had he come from the Pope, in any other capacity than that of nunzio. Be that as it might, he was agreeably impressed by the magnificence of the gallery,† in which the introduction took place, and, although familiar with grander structures in his own country, where architecture, sculpture, and painting had reached their apogee, he did not allow this little incident to pass unobserved, when writing an account of his first interview with lord Mountgarret. Each of the prelates by whom he was attended on this occasion, and two of whom he had never met till then, was destined to take a prominent part in the transactions which followed in such rapid succession after his arrival; but, as the space allowed us in these pages is limited, we have deemed it best to treat their biographies seriatim, for the purpose of giving our readers ampler portraits and fuller details, respecting those eminent ecclesiastics, who so signally impressed the age in which they lived. We will therefore commence with the archbishop of Cashel, reserving our notices of the others for a future number.

Thomas Walsh, son of Robert Walsh and Anastasia Strong, was born on the 3rd of February, 1588, in Waterford, where his paternal ancestors

\* The arms, (described in an old MS. book of heraldry, as "The Armes which the Pope's Legatt brought out of Roome and sett up at Kilkenny,") were a shield surmounted by the Papal tiara and keys, with a dove bearing in its beak an olive branch.

† "Prepararno il ricevimento in una bellissima galleria, che vi è dentro."—Nunziatura, p. 72.

were, for many centuries,\* opulent merchants. Indeed, it may be said of Waterford, that no other city in Ireland produced so many learned ecclesiastics the Wadding† family alone numbering four of that calling, and the most distinguished, perhaps of their time, nor will it be out of place to mention here, that the celebrated F. Luke (Wadding) and Thomas Walsh, were born in the same year. A fact, however, worthier of being recorded, is that Thomas came into this world, when his father was a prisoner, for refusing to take the oath of supremacy which the protestant authorities were then endeavouring to force on the reluctant population. The city of Waterford, we may also observe, has been at all times singularly distinguished for its fidelity to the ancient religion, for notwithstanding every effort to pervert its people, the teachings of the reformation could never find favor among them. Just three years before the birth of Thomas Walsh, we find a grand proof of this in the utter failure of the attempt made by Dr. John Long, the protestant primate, to propagate the new religion there, by means of schools, which, it would appear, were then immediately under that dignitary's superintendence. Indeed, the report forwarded to him by one of his teachers, or mayhap inspectors, throws much light on this subject, and shews clearly, that of all places in Ireland, Waterford was the last he should have thought of selecting as a field for proselytism. The document to which we allude is so extremely interesting, and so illustrative of the age in which it was written, that we cannot help submitting it to our readers, premising at the same time that, making due allowance for the quaint orthography, it sounds very like letters of the same tenor with which our own times are familiar

*"To the Right Honble. the Lord Primate of Ireland, at his house in Tridagh,† give these.*

"I wrote unto your honor of late, desiring to have received an answer to satisfy me for two especial causes, which moved me to write, the one, for that I understood that your honor was offended with me; the other was to desire your honor's assistance in this place (where it pleased your honor to place me) against a number of professed enemies of God and good men, although outwardly a few of them make some hypocritical shew, yet their lives for the most part shew the contrary; so that I have not seen nor heard of the like contempt of the word of God, and manifest resistance of her Majesty's proceedings, no not in the whole island. It is not for any man that feareth God to dwell among them, for although they cannot martyr his body, yet they will trouble his mind. Their abuses are so many, that I would be loath to trouble your honor with the reading of so endless a matter. But some of them are so detestable and execrable, that I cannot overpass them, (as these) first, there is not one couple among twenty married according to her Majesty's injunctions, but handfasted only or else married at home with a mass; then they never Christin their children, but in their house, either with a mass priest, or for want of him (which commonly the wealthiest of them want not) the women themselves christin. Their dead they bury not if they can choose, but tumble them into the graves like swine, without any word of service or any minister: the proof whereof I myself have seen very often, even before the school-door, to my great grief; and as for them-

\* Smith's Waterford, p.p. 72, 182.

† Drogheda.

† Harold's Life of Luke Wadding.



selves altogether, they either abuse the word, or absent themselves from the church, or when they come there they walk round about like millhorses, chopping and changing, and making merchandise, and in such order that they which are in the choir, and willing to hear, for their babbling cannot hear a word, and these be not small fools but even the chief of the city. These and such other monstrous vices being suffered, it is not for any good man to stay among them, for they put such great confidence in their bribery, that they hope by it only to maintain their knavery. The ministers cry out that they are abused, deceived, despised, and almost discomfited, and for this especially that they being constrained, to send up a true certificate of such as frequented not the church, nor received communion, their certificate was presently shewed to their enemies, and such comfortable and friendly speeches given unto them, that they returned home again with open jaws and foaming mouths, and reviled the ministers with such opprobrious terms, as men of their profession use to do; that they poor shepherds, for fear of those brutish and savage lions, are almost afraid to come near the sheepfold. It was little credit for him who shewed it to them, for even they themselves know what his drift is, silicet, either to be wrapt in a mantle or cloked with a caddow,\* or made drunk with aqua vite. I beseech your honor suffer them not to make merchandise of God's cause, and to take money for that which was given them freely. Cursed is the man that taketh the function upon him to make a gain of it; the case is common to me with all other Christians, which causeth me the rather to presume upon your honor's patience. But I will leave off that and come to my own private case. This therefore is to let you to understand that since my coming hither I had not above thirty scholars, which was no small grief unto me, especially being sent hither by you: the cause why they received me was rather for fear than for any desire they had to have their children instructed in the fear of God and knowledge of good letters, which I soon perceived by them, for within one month most of them took away their children from me, and sent them to other tutors in the town that were professed Papists, which was so great a grief unto me, that I could not tarry among them, for I cannot possibly make myself subject to them, that are no subjects themselves. The reason they alledge why they took them away was, because, as they say, for that they did not profit, neither did they indeed, in that that they looked for, for I constrained them to come to the service, which they could not abide, whereat they muttered privately among themselves. There was never a boy among them, that was able to read fables, and yet they murmured because I did not use them to make epistles, themes, orations and verses, for which cause, and for that they took them from me and sent them to Papists, I was willing to give it into their own hands to bestow it where they will, so they have bestowed it upon a youth that is of their own damnable profession, one that was apprentice in the town, and since that a serving man in Dublin; and whereas your honor persuaded me that I should find them such loving and courteous people, I have found them clean contrary, even the maiort himself of whom you made so great account, hath dealt but strangely with me, I never ate nor drank in his house but once, and then not of his own bidding. As for the sheriffs they were the greatest enemies I had, and went about to disgrace me most. I had thought I should have come to Dublin before my departure for that they denied me part of my wages, because midsummer quarter is shorter than the rest, they would have paid it me by the week not by the quarter, they desire to displease me and procure their children that were my scholars to revile me, as they have done most devilishly, in reporting that I went and hanged myself, and called me rogue, rascal, villain and such like speeches, which never proceeded from them, but from their parents. They called a son of Peter Stranges where I lie, turncoat, traitor, and Protestant, because he useth to go to the English service: these speeches and far worse, are in their children; but if your honor

\* Cadeau—a bribe or present.

† Robert Walsh was mayor of Waterford in 1885.

did but dwell among their parents, to see their villany in massing\* at home, and murmuring at God's word in the church, I know you could not abide it. They that took their children from me, and let them all this while go loitering up and down the streets, have now sent them to this fellow again. For these foresaid causes I thought good to give over the place and betake myself to my country, where I hope to live with a quiet conscience, for here I could have no comfort, because there is not one professor of the gospel to be found among them, no not one. Thus giving your honor to understand what the cause of my departure was, I commit you, with your good bedfellow to God, beseeching you to shew forth yourself and your authority to the glory of God and your own commendations, and be not like unto them which hunt after bribes, chopping and changing the word of God, which is the heavenly manna, for ornaments and sweetmeats, which please the body, but destroy the soul.

"Fare ye well the xiith of July, Ano. 1585, Waterford.

"Your honor's to command,

"JO IN SHEARMAN,"†

It is to be regretted that the writer of this educational report did not give us the name of the Catholic teacher who robbed him of his scholars, and who probably may have initiated young Walsh into the first rudiments, many years after Shearman, in sheer disgust, took his departure from Waterford. Certain it is, however, that Robert Walsh and his wife, Anastasia, found a better school for their child beyond seas, and they accordingly sent him to his maternal uncle, Thomas Strong, bishop of Ossory, then in exile for non-conformity, and coadjutor to the archbishop of Compostella. This was in 1600, when the boy had reached his twelfth year. Having finished his preparatory studies, under the superintendence of masters provided for him by his uncle, young Walsh was soon afterwards sent to the Irish Seminary, at Lisbon, and after completing his theological course there, he proceeded to the Irish college of Salamanca, where he took the degree of doctor in divinity, and was ordained priest. He then made a tour of the entire continent, visiting each of its principal cities, and was eventually created a Knight of St. John of Malta. At length, having come back to Ireland,‡ he devoted himself to missionary duties for some time, and then set out for Spain, whence he was summoned to Rome, by order of Pope Urban VIII., who caused him to be consecrated archbishop of Cashel, on the 8th of July, 1626. Shortly after the last-named period, he returned to Ireland again, and applied himself in his high capacity to the removal of abuses, which, owing to the distracted state of the times, were then prevalent in his archdiocese. Indeed, incredible difficulties beset him at every step, for the spy and informer, so largely patronized by Adam Loftus and Sir Richard Boyle, who then held the reins of government, were constantly on his trail, whether he confided in the depths of the woods, or administered the other sacraments as was then, through necessity usual, *at night time*, and within barricaded doors in the houses of Catholics, in towns and hamlets.§ Withal, despite such terrible

\* Hearing mass. † Public Record Office, London—Ireland—Eliz., vol. i. 118

‡ Probably in 1624.

§ The miserable condition of the Irish Catholics at this period was much the same as when O'Kearney, Dr. Walsh's predecessor, sent the following details

restrictions, he held many synods, not indeed in church or chapel, but in forests, (*in sylvis*), and it was while presiding at one of those, early in 1633, during the deputyship of Thomas Viscount Wentworth, that he was arrested and brought prisoner to Dublin. On the journey to the metropolis he was accompanied by Archibald Hamilton, (son of the then protestant archbishop of Cashel,) with whom he discussed various points of doctrine, so learnedly and so much to the young man's satisfaction that they ever afterwards thought more kindly and better of each other. After a short imprisonment in the Castle, the archbishop was summoned to appear before the deputy, who could elicit nothing from him except that he was allowed a small stipend by the King of Spain, to enable him to live; and as soon as he had proved to Strafford's satisfaction that he maintained no traitorous correspondence with Spain, he was set at large, and allowed to return to his diocese. Thenceforth, that is to say, from 1633 to 1639, he was suffered to exercise his high functions with less constraint. After the rising of 1641, Dr. Walsh, at first, like another prelate of the period, hesitated some time before joining the confederates, but at last, when the lawfulness of a resort to arms for God, king, and country, was proclaimed and sanctioned by Hugh O'Reilly, archbishop of Armagh, and other bishops, he was duly elected a spiritual peer of the supreme council. The revolution, thus suddenly effected, placed the Irish Catholics in possession of many of their ancient churches and cathedrals, and the bishops lost no time in purifying the sacred edifices, and appropriating them to the uses for which they were founded. Following the example of the other

(which we translate from the original Latin,) to Cardinal Barberini, in March, 1612. "We are sadly exposed to the most imminent dangers, for our adversaries are constantly pursuing us. . . . Those of our own province as well as those who present themselves to us for ordination, we generally receive in some suitable place, where we erect portable altars, taking good care not to commit ourselves to any but those in whom we have greatest confidence—to day in one town and to-morrow in another. When the ceremony (of ordination) is concluded, we lose no time in shifting to some other locality, in order to avoid risk, having first appointed trusty parties to remove the portable altars, and warned the newly ordained not to mention to any one the place where they received holy orders, lest the master of the house might be brought to trouble. Our greatest difficulty, however, is the sacrament of confirmation; for, no sooner is it known that we are about to confer it than crowds of children, big and little, come from all the neighbouring districts. . . . On one day, i.e., between sunrise and sunset, we confirmed 2,200—in the *day-time* in the neighbourhood of a forest, and at *nightfall* in the villages. This precaution is the more necessary on account of the concourse, and the greater danger. . . . The troops, horse and foot, whose business is to hunt out thieves, are now sent in pursuit of priests, with power to hang them from the nearest tree, without any formality of trial. The Catholic churches are handed over to protestants, and the mayors of the various towns are deposed because they refuse to take the oath of supremacy, and attend protestant worship. They likewise take special note of those who suffer their children to be baptized or married according to the Catholic ritual, and they persecute unrelentingly all harbourers of priests. As for schoolmasters who train children in Catholic doctrine, they are miserably set upon, and hunted down."

prelates, Dr. Walsh *reconciled* the venerable cathedral of Cashel about the close of 1641; and on this memorable occasion he was attended by all the clergy and gentry of Munster, who shed tears of joy on seeing that glorious monument of their faith restored to its rightful owners. The grand old temple, indeed, had been sadly dilapidated, more than half a century before, by the apostate, Miler Magrath;\* but now that it was once again in the possession of its true bishop, the people raised a large sum of money, to enable him to restore the building, as far as might be, to its pristine splendour. This, indeed, was a labour of love with Dr. Walsh, for after having re-erected the altars, and provided all necessary requirements, he spared no pains in preserving and embellishing the sacred edifice, where, for the greater part of the following seven years, he duly performed the functions of his high office.

Resuming our notices of Dr. Walsh's connection with the confederated Catholics, we have sufficient evidence to shew that he was regarded as one of the most influential members of that body, from the moment he took the oath of association till its final dissolution. Thus, so early as 1644, we find him subscribing letters of recommendation, given by the supreme council to F. Hugh de Burgo, when they appointed the latter their agent in the court of Philip IV. of Spain, where, doubtless, the name of the archbishop of Cashel was already well known. In the same year he subscribed the memorial, praying the Pope to make Luke Wadding a cardinal; and in that which immediately followed, he attested the genuineness of the copy of Glamorgan's treaty, which was found in the baggage of the archbishop of Tuam, after that prelate had been slain. His devotedness to Rinuccini cannot be questioned, for on his arrival, he hastened to Limerick to congratulate him; and whenever the former came to Cashel, he was received in the archiepiscopal palace with cordial welcome and unbounded hospitality. In fact, Dr. Walsh was the nunzio's constant companion, on all occasions when the latter visited Munster, following in his train, as we have already seen, when Limerick feted the victory of Beaburb, and assisting him with his counsels when he went in person to press the siege of Bunratty. Such close intimacy could not but ripen into warm and lasting friendship, and we may, therefore, conclude that the nunzio's appreciation of Dr. Walsh's character was as high as it was just. Instead, however, of adopting his views on all occasions, Dr. Walsh, in more than one instance, had the manliness to dissent from them, nor could he be induced to embrace the non-expediency principles of the over-sanguine Italian, till the latter, miscalculating his resources, assured him of aids from abroad, which eventually never came, or came so sparingly that they proved worse than useless. Thus, for example, in the congregation of the clergy,

\* Although Ware questions the conversion of this unfortunate man, there is every reason to believe that he died reconciled to the Church; for many years before his decease he commissioned O'Kearney, archbishop of Cashel, to obtain from Paul V. power to absolve him, and the faculty was granted (August 7, 1608,) on condition that he (Magrath) would thenceforth cease to exercise episcopal functions.

at Waterford, in 1646, when articles of peace with lord Ormond were discussed, the archbishop of Cashel would have subscribed them, doubtless, as an instalment of larger concessions, despite the opposition of the nunzio, had not the latter convinced him that subsidies from Rome and elsewhere would soon come for the equipment of an army, which, with the assistance of O'Neill's and Preston's troops would clear Ireland of the king's enemies, and place the latter in a position to restore the churches to his Irish Catholic subjects, and cancel all penal statutes against them and their faith. This surely is proof enough that Dr. Walsh was an independent-minded man, whose judgment could not be warped by cringing sycophancy to superior authority. In the same spirit, doubtless, and not as one blindly following the policy of Rinuccini, he joined the latter in rejecting the truce with lord Inchiquin, in 1648, when Ormond's creatures in the supreme council basely allied themselves to the man who had changed sides three times, and slaughtered the Munster Catholics remorselessly. Some bishops, it is true, and the Jesuits\* especially, were on this occasion, sternly opposed to the nunzio, when he resolved to pronounce sentence of excommunication against the abettors of the truce; but Dr. Walsh, far from coalescing with the dissentient prelates, or maintaining the speculations of the Jesuits, regarding the validity of the censures, stood by Rinuccini, and the truly national party, who, instead of compromising themselves or violating the oath of association, resolved to protract the war till they had obtained irrefragable securities for a free parliament, and unconditional freedom for their religion. It must be acknowledged, however, that Dr. Walsh formed one of the deputation that waited on lord Ormond† when he resumed the vicereignty, and that he then *did* sign articles of peace with that nobleman, in the fullest assurance, that he was thus securing all the concessions which Rinuccini had demanded. The latter, who was then preparing to quit Ireland, was apprized of this fact, and took care to record it thus—"The Roman agents‡ having returned to Ireland, brought with them a brief which the Pope addressed to the Irish prelates, and, (without mentioning the matter to me,) they gave out that as Papal briefs have *monitory power* they (the bishops) were bound to pay more respect to such documents than to the nunzio. By means of this most crafty and diabolical device, they succeeded in bringing to Kilkenny three of the most scrupulous of them, namely, the Archbishop of Cashel, and the Bishops of Waterford and Emly. He of Emly, however, on being made aware of the fraud that was about to be practised, contrived to escape,

\* Nunziatura, p. 315.

† When Ormond returned to Ireland in 1648, Dr. Walsh was deputed by the supreme council, then in opposition to the nunzio, to wait on him at Carrick, and beseech him to take upon himself the government of Ireland. On this occasion Dr. Walsh was accompanied by another archbishop, of whom we will give a memoir in a future number.

‡ Dr. French, bishop of Ferns, and Nicholas Plunket, who were sent to Rome to supplicate Innocent X. for aids in munitions and money.

as he lodged in the suburbs; but as for the other two, who slept in the city, they were detained, and had to subscribe, in order to complete the required number of signatures.\* In extenuation of this most imprudent act, it may be alleged that Dr. Walsh fancied he was thus realizing the nunzio's requirements—full security for the free exercise of religion, retention of the churches and their revenues—all of which were duly guaranteed by lord Ormond, but be that as it may, he discovered, when too late, that the viceroy set no value on treaties or stipulations with the Irish Catholics. Indeed, so grievously pained was Dr. Walsh by this momentary deception, that he soon afterwards asked and obtained absolution from the censures. At length, when the confederation was virtually broken up by Ormond's astuteness, and when the last representatives of that body impeached the viceroy's insincerity in the manifesto which they issued from the Franciscan convent of Jamestown, Dr. Walsh, although absent from the meeting, did concur in the views and sentiments of the patriotic prelates. The meeting, it is true, took place on the 6th of August, (1650,) but on the 23rd of the same month, Dr. Walsh, with other five bishops then in Galway, subscribed the aforesaid instrument, in which Ormond was denounced as an implacable enemy to the Catholics. Having thus glanced at the principal incidents in what may be termed Dr. Walsh's religio-political life, we will now direct our regards to some of its more interesting phases connected with his episcopal functions. One of the archbishop's cherished projects was to repair the various churches of his diocese, which, during the two preceding reigns had been sadly dilapidated, and turned to profane uses. For this end he spared neither money nor labour; for, indeed, like Riuccini, he desired nothing more than to see the ritual of the Church carried out in all its splendour. We have already mentioned that he reconciled the cathedral of Cashel, and it is worth knowing that he performed the same ceremony over again on the 13th July, 1648, after Inchiquin's† troops had sacrilegiously pillaged and defiled with blood that most noble monument of Irish piety and art. In less than two years afterwards, however, the archbishop had to deplore the fatal final fall of the grand old edifice into hands of anti-Catholics, for then, alas—

\* Nunziatura, p. 372.

† The massacre at Cashel, by Inchiquin, has been greatly exaggerated by many writers. The nunzio himself, in a letter dated Galway, 29th September, 1647, a short time after the event, states that the loss on both sides was equal, (Nunziatura p. 256,) and another contemporary asserts, that the confederate loss in killed was 300, and that of Inchiquin 600. That Inchiquin's object was plunder, not murder, there can be little doubt, for the slaughter ceased when he entered the church; not, however, before some ecclesiastics and others who had hidden themselves under the altars, were hacked to pieces. It must also be remembered that Inchiquin died, (in 1674,) a Catholic, and that he bequeathed £20 to the Franciscans of Ennis, to pray for his soul. Like many others of his time, in fact, he was merely a nominal protestant, or "occasionalist." Dr. Price, the protestant archbishop of Cashel, who unroofed the cathedral in 1680, did it more lasting injury than even Inchiquin, bad as he was.



"The creedless, heartless, murderous robber came,  
And never since that time  
Round its torn altars burned the sacred flame,  
Or rose the chant sublime." \*

Having thus exerted himself to the utmost in prosecuting this laudable design, Dr. Walsh's next care was to provide for the education of his flock,† and so intent was he on this that he gave the Jesuits a considerable sum, part of which was contributed by Brigid, Countess of Kildare, in order that they might found a large seminary in the city of Cashel. This money, however, was subsequently lent to the nunzio, to enable him to recruit Owen O'Neill's army, (after the rejection of the peace with Lord Ormond, by the congregation of the clergy in Waterford;) but, although it was refunded§ afterwards, the unhappy state of Ireland prevented the Jesuits from carrying out the archbishop's noble intentions. In short, no other prelate could have laboured more zealously for the well-being of the people committed to his pastoral care; for, indeed, the grand aim of his whole life was to provide them with everything that could conduce to their eternal and temporal prosperity.

That this was the ruling principle of his life, there can be no doubt, for we are told by one who was personally acquainted with him, that his last public act was to convene a synod of the clergy in Limerick, (about the close of 1649, when Cromwell's success at Drogheda and Wexford, terrified all Ireland,) in order to impress upon them that they should stand by the people to the last extremity, sharing all their vicissitudes, and encouraging them, by word and example, to remain true to their faith. For some time previous to the siege of Limerick, Dr. Walsh had to conceal himself in the woods, but on the approach of Ireton, he fixed his abode in the city, where he remained till it surrendered. By what means he contrived to effect his escape thence we know not, but 'tis certain, that after leaving Limerick, he lay concealed for some time in the village of Ballygriffin, where

\* "The Rock of Cashel." (one of the most exquisite poems in the English language,) by the Rev. Dr. Murray, the learned professor of theology in Maynooth.

† Sub auspiciis B. V. M. annuntiatus.

‡ Dr. French, Bishop of Ferns, (in *Apologia contra anonymum*, MS.,) and others have charged Rinuccini most unjustly with having acted dishonourably in this transaction.

§ Dr. Walsh's predecessor, archbishop O'Kearney, who died on the 14th of August, 1624, in the Cistercian monastery of Carbon-blanc, near Bordeaux, bequeathed the Jesuits a considerable sum for the same purpose. A few items of the archbishop's will may be mentioned here "To Paul Ragget, then Superior of the aforesaid monastery, (Carbon-blanc,) he left £100, for maintenance of same house. To the Jesuits of Cashel his rich missals and breviaries. To his successor in the archiepiscopal see a gold ring set in emeralds, presented to him by Pope Paul V.; to the same a pectoral cross, of great price, given him by a princess of the imperial house of Austria." The ring may probably have come into Dr. Walsh's possession, but Ragget had to sell the cross in order to raise the £100 bequeathed to the monastery. 'Tis almost superfluous to state that Dr. O'Kearney died and was buried there. Ragget also found a grave within the same precincts.

he was arrested, on the 4th of January, 1652. He was thence removed under escort to the prison of Clonmel. The hardships he had to endure in the last-named place were truly appalling, for, as we can readily imagine, the merciless Puritans had no commiseration for the sufferings and privations of a Catholic archbishop. In the same jail there was then a large number of priests, awaiting deportation to the West Indian colonies, and as they were not allowed to officiate, they contrived to have the holy Eucharist, brought clandestinely into the prison, where they and Dr. Walsh had it dispensed to them as often as they could elude the vigilance of their keepers. Withal, there was some deference shewn to him by the Cromwellian authorities, for they offered to set him at large, on condition that he would pledge his word, never to resume his episcopal functions. Every instinct of his heart was now revolted, and scorning to act the hierling, and flee while the wolf, with bloody fangs was ravening the fold, he at once, without a moment's hesitation, rejected the overture. Thinking that they might, perhaps, succeed in forcing him to subscribe their conditions, by removing him to another jail, the authorities sent him to the prison of Waterford, about the middle of July, 1652, where he was kept in close confinement till October of the year following. But all their devices failing to shake his resolution, he was at last suffered to take his departure for Spain. Broken in health and spirits, the illustrious prelate reached Corunna, about the middle of November, (1653,) and after a few days' repose, he set out for Compostella, where the superior of the Irish seminary had made preparations for his reception. Surrounded by all the comforts which compassionating hearts could provide, he now found a temporary solace in the society of his compatriot, and the respectful attentions of the archbishop of Compostella. But the hand of sickness pressed heavily upon him, and he knew that his dissolution was rapidly approaching. During the entire six months after his arrival in Compostella, he lay stretched on a bed of pain, worn down by old age and the hard trials through which he had passed, and, worst of all, by the terrible consciousness that his country and her religion were now in the power of the fanatical Puritans. How wonderful were God's designs in relation to this great archbishop! In childhood, he came to Compostella to find book and board in the house which charity had assigned to his uncle, an aged prelate, expatriated for his steadfastness to the faith; and now, at the close of a long career, he came again to the same place, a tottering old man, seeking hospitality, and a grave in the far-famed cathedral where his earliest and best preceptor lay mouldering. Indeed, Dr. Walsh's life, spanning as it did more than half a century, and taking in some of the most memorable facts recorded in the chequered pages of his country's history, may be justly regarded as one of the most varied and eventful of the times in which he lived, when every Irishman in his high position might be said to have had an individuality, singularly decided and remarkable.

Father S. Leger, a Jesuit, to whom he was particularly attached, remained at his bedside throughout his last illness, watching over him with filial affection, carefully noting down all the incidents of the sick chamber, and ministering all aids, spiritual and temporal, till the illustrious exile re-

signed his soul to God, on the 4th of May, 1654.\* The faithful Jesuit true to his memory even after he had passed away, has given us an admirable memoir of the archbishop, from which we take the following account of the honours that were bestowed on his mortal remains:

"He was translated," as we may piously believe, from earth to heaven, and buried in a distinguished place in the church dedicated to the glorious apostle of Spain. His obsequies were performed with the greatest splendour and piety, the archbishop of Compostella and the chapter of his cathedral defraying all expenses. The canons and all the religious orders of the city attended the funeral, and so did all the secular clergy and people of Compostella. In fact, such was the high estimation in which the deceased archbishop's memory was held, that the populace vied with each other in their efforts to get a sight of his corse, or touch it with their hands. You might see crowds kissing his hands and feet, nay, laying their rosaries and handkerchiefs on his remains. Each and every of them gave expression to their feelings, thus—"Thrice happy city and church, wherein the relics of so great a bishop, exile, and confessor, lie interred!" We know not whether there is any inscription to mark the place where he sleeps, in that old temple of St. James—the goal of so many a pilgrimage in the ages of faith—but, at all events, the good St. Leger,† hoping that the tomb of such a great archbishop should not remain noteless, has left us the following epitaph, a veritable epitome of a grand life:

"EXILIUM LATEBRAS INCOMMODA DAMNA PERICLA  
VINCLAEQUE PRO VERA RELIGIONE TULI  
ILLA TULISSE MEI SUNT ORNAMENTA SEPULCHRI  
NOBILIOR TITULIS OMNIBUS ILLE MIHI EST  
CÆTERA NIL FACIUNT SUNT NOMINA VANA LEGATUR  
IN TITULI MARMORE MULTA TULI  
EXILIUM TERRA EST CÆLUM MIHI PATRIA CÆLUM  
MORTE PETO EXILII ET TERMINUS ILLE MEI." M.

\* Father St. Leger's "Narratio" was published at Antwerp. in 1656.

† He died at Compostella, 1665.

## THE GRAY BRIDGE OF MALLERON.

### AN EXILE'S PLAIN.

O, lovely Bridge of Malleron, my heart is with you still,  
And wanders down the rocky ridge unto your rushing rill;  
And sees the trailing ivy sway, the tall tress o'er you wave—  
But your wind's sigh—it wounds my heart like a low cry by a grave!

Gray, gray old Bridge of Malleron, 'tis I that loved you well,  
And loved each spot your river roves by moor and mead and dell;  
With the great sea far beneath you, and the wavy mountains o'er,  
O, bonny Bridge of Malleron, I may never see you more!

Still early, early in the Spring, and late of Autumn eves,  
I gladdened to the budding bough, and to the goldening sheaves ;  
All through the leafy Summer time, all through the Winter's snow,  
My heart was high mid woods and hills, or frosty vales below.

Blow, leafy odours of the woods, from my far and fair countrie !  
Lift up your silvery voices, ye rivulets rippling free !  
While dawns the day o'er Balliské and sets on Barnusmore,  
May happy hearts be near you still, though mine is sad and sore

O, snowy clondlet, whither through the blue deep do you roam  
I dream I saw you long ago o'er mountain peaks of home.  
My soul ariseth out of me, O beauteous moon and star,  
And trembles in your holy rays, o'er slumbering scenes afar.

Again, again, they fill my heart, the wondrous thoughts of youth !  
The lustrous sights, the glowing dreams, the world of faith and truth ;  
The tender, true, and trusted ones, with radiance clothed and crowned,  
Ere, wave on wave, Time's flowing sea some changed bath left, some  
drowned.

Ah, tell me, ye who still may dwell beside the river bright,  
Feel ye no wandering memories in the still time of the night ;  
Deep in your hearts no echo when my spirit passes nigh—  
When even they beneath the grass give answer to my cry ?

My heart lives back in childhood ; I weary of the strife ;  
But love and longing cannot hide the battle-scars of life—  
And, crown of all unworthiness, 'twere from the ranks to fail  
A sentry in truth's noble cause—to falter and grow pale !

O, lonely Bridge of Malleron, O, gray with many a storm,  
From rock to rock thy crescent springs defiant of all harm ;  
Time hath but made you, too, a rock, and with each coming day,  
But to your chaplet adds a leaf, and to your lays a lay !

Between your ramparts shadowy, how many feet have gone—  
How many changeeful passengers your rivulet have looked on ;  
My soul is struck with silence for visions that sweep by,  
Between your ramparts shadowy, across your rill's low cry !

'Tis Winter dead : and o'er the black, hoarse-muttering stream below,  
Rings merry laugh of children, glad-greeters of the snow !  
Weak, widowed Autumn : joy-bells chime, all quivering with delight,  
While swiftly fleets, in bridal glee, a dazzling throng of white !

Spring, flush of life : quick galloping hoofs strike out the flashing spark,  
Who dies ? that messengers leave their beds for splashing roads i' the  
dark.

Summer, all song : beneath sweet-singing birds and winds and leaves,  
A slow-paced crowd, that all in white and ebon drapery grieves.

O, lonely Bridge of Malleron ! O, gray with sun and rime !  
Faint shadowest thou the life that spans the fleeting flood of Time ;  
Ah, blest if, too, all serviceful, all firm, and adding aye  
Unto its chaplet green a leaf, and to its lays a lay !

ERHONNACH.

## MEMOIR OF AN OLD MAID.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

I AM an old woman now. Sixty, on the 23rd of May next. To see me, one could scarcely imagine that I had ever been young, so withered and decrepid am I. Most of my readers, I am afraid, will not care to follow the fortunes of an Old Maid ; but for those who will sympathise and console with her, this little memoir is written.

To commence then. I was the only child of respectable, wealthy parents. Having a taste for a country life and its pursuits, my father chiefly resided at the family mansion in Devonshire. Ah ! how well I remember my dear old home, Lady Hall, as it was called, from a tradition of a white figure walking in the grounds about dusk, and always disappearing in a certain little summer-house. However true this may be, I know none of the servants would venture alone, after dark, down the evergreen walk. The house itself was very old, large, and gloomy, and it was always looked upon with suspicion, as being haunted. For myself, I cared little for all these stories ; it was my greatest delight to wander through the old rooms, and along the winding corridors ; for, having lost my dear mother, while yet an infant, I was left much alone, and often have I passed my time looking at the old pictures, and wondering whose portraits they were. One, above the rest, struck me as being singularly beautiful. It was that of a lady still young, and most exquisitely handsome ; with large, dark, piercing eyes—eyes that seemed to follow you, with an expression of mingled love and hatred. Assuredly, she must have suffered much. Still, something in her compressed lips and clenched hands told of a resolution and energy of mind seldom met with in woman. This was the lady after whom the hall was named. Hers was a sad story, but as it has no connexion with my memoir, I shall not mention it ; neither do I intend wearying my readers with a lengthened description of the house ; it will be sufficient to say, it was built in the time of the Stuarts, and resembled the country houses of that period.

My father was very silent and reserved—seldom talked of his affairs to

any one; and as I was brought up with the idea of having no relations living, you may imagine my surprise when he told me I should have a companion in the person of a young cousin, whose parents had died in India, constituting my father his sole guardian, and he was expected in England at the end of the month. I cannot say what my feelings were on hearing these tidings. I was delighted to have a companion suitable to my age, on one hand, but, on the other, so little accustomed as I was to children, and to boys in particular, I felt half afraid of this new foreign cousin. How anxiously did I expect his arrival—I thought the time would never pass until I saw my cousin Louis. Often and often did I enter his room, to watch the preparations being made for him, wondering if such and such things would please him. At last the eventful day arrived. I was all excitement, listening attentively for anything like a carriage. It was very late in the evening, and my father had almost despaired of his coming, when we heard the rumbling of carriage wheels along the avenue. My father immediately went to receive his guest, and I followed him at a little distance; but my cousin was already in the hall, looking after his numerous parcels. Upon perceiving my father, he advanced, and after mutual hearty embraces, was duly introduced to me as my cousin, Louis Dalton. My first impression on seeing him I could never recollect, I felt so confused and shy; but I soon regained my composure, he was so very kind and attentive, although he evidently thought me nothing more than a child. My father soon bade me good night, and, as I have said before, I could not remember his appearance that night, I shall defer my description until our next meeting.

I rose early the next morning, and on entering the breakfast-room, great was my astonishment on seeing Louis there before me. He was looking out of the window, and was so absorbed in his thoughts as not to notice my entrance. Not liking to disturb him, I remained silent, and thus I watched him some time unobserved. He was a little above the middle height, with soft, slightly curling, brown hair; a large, square, intelligent forehead; deep-set, loving gray eyes, overshadowed by long, silken eyelashes. His mouth was beautifully formed, and although he could not be considered strictly handsome, his was one of those faces that having been seen once can never be forgotten. In a word, it was a loveable face! At breakfast, my father said I must shew Louis the house and grounds, and make England as pleasant a home to him as India had been. We spent a delightful day, wandering through all the old rooms and galleries, and in the shady walks and pleasure grounds. I told him the story of the White Lady. He only laughed, and said he would watch for her himself. He was so kind, and made himself so much at home, that all my shyness soon wore off, and I was never tired of talking and shewing everything to him. Ah! how different was my life after his arrival; from a young girl I seemed suddenly transformed into a woman; for there was not so much difference as might be imagined between our ages. I was just seventeen, and he was four years older; but having always lived with elderly persons, I was much more childish in my ideas and notions than most other girls of



my age. But now all was changed. I was the constant companion of my father and Louis; the domestics treated me with more respect, and I was everywhere looked up to as the heiress of Lady Hall. Life was so dear and bright to me then. My days were spent mostly reading and walking with Louis, and as we were both fond of riding, many were the hours we passed in that delightful exercise.

Things went on this way for some time, but, as might be expected, could not always continue so. He loved me—and need I say that I returned his affection sincerely and with my whole heart. I loved him more than life! Day by day my love increased, until it almost became adoration. Sometimes, I think, I loved him too dearly, and that for this my idol was taken from me; but Louis was worthy of the most intense love a devoted woman can feel. Never shall I forget the night he first whispered in my ear those magic words, “I love you!” They are imprinted on my heart like a seal, never—never to be erased! He asked me to marry him, told me he would make the most devoted and loving of husbands. I accepted him, and that night he acquainted my father of our engagement. My father gave his full consent, but would not let us think of marrying for at least another year; we were much too young, he said. How little either of us knew what was to happen in that time. If it had not been for this delay, I should now be Mrs. Louis Dalton, instead of the old maid, Margaret Storton; but God’s will be done!

If life was happy with Louis only as a cousin, it was now doubly so, being betrothed to him. Every one looked upon us as man and wife, and I think for the first six months there could be none happier than Louis and myself. We were all in all to each other! He loved me with a deep, manly, sincere affection, and for myself I yielded my whole heart to him. He was the centre round which all my thoughts and actions turned; he became the sole object of my existence, and willingly would I have sacrificed riches, honours, aye, life itself, for my true-hearted Louis. But “Man proposes and God disposes!” All the happiness we promised ourselves; all the pleasures we should enjoy after our marriage; all the sweet dreams we entertained were destined never to be realized in this world. Our reward is for the next. There I shall surely meet my Louis! There no storms can overtake us. There, all is peace! All is happiness! It cannot be far off now. Forty long years have I already waited for the time when we shall be united once more, never to be separated. Yes, it is coming quickly! I feel it! Ah! my Louis, you will soon welcome your Maggie to that haven, where the weary traveller rests for evermore. But I find I am wandering from my subject in all this. Pity, kind friends, pity the poor old maid who thus lays open to you all her sorrows. To continue—

One morning Louis received a letter from his man of business in India, saying he would be required there immediately to arrange some wrong matters. Louis was very loath to go; but the letter was peremptory, and said nothing could be done without him. Strange to say, I had never contemplated his return to India, although I knew he had property there, so I was in an agony of grief, when he told me he must start by the next

mail. He wished to take me with him, but my father, who had always determined on having a very grand wedding, would on no account give his consent to our private marriage, as it should necessarily have been. So I remained behind, and Louis left for India. I shall never forget the last evening we spent together. He promised to be for ever constant to me, and to come back as soon as possible for his Maggie, (he always called me Maggie.) We sat until long after midnight, holding each other's hands, and making mutual vows of love and constancy. We have been both true to the promises we made that night, and it is this consoling thought that sweetens half the bitterness of my present life. We parted very quietly; we did not speak a word; he took my hand, and pressed it, oh! so tenderly; gave me one long, loving glance from his beautiful eyes, and—was gone.

Louis wrote very regularly for some time; his voyage was most prosperous, and his affairs not nearly so bad as had been represented.

Time passed on. He was a twelve month away, and we had not heard from him, for the last six months. War had broken out, in the north of India, and my father was becoming very anxious about Louis. We had heard of many of the inhabitants volunteering for the army, and Louis was so high-spirited and chivalrous, we were both afraid he might also have done the same. Still no letter. Weeks, months, passed by, and we had heard nothing of him. I felt convinced there was some terrible accident, which prevented his writing. I never doubted him for a single moment. I loved him more and more, but the suspense was dreadful. I was becoming ill. At night I could not sleep, imagining my Louis lying cold and pale, on some battle field, or sick and wounded in an hospital, with no one to attend or comfort him, and after a sleepless, miserable night, I had nothing before me, but another, still more miserable day, with its hopes—its tears—and its usual disappointment. Two years had elapsed, and still no tidings, my father despaired of ever seeing him again, I had some sort of faint lingering hope, that he would come home quite unexpectedly, and many a time have I started on hearing a strange footstep cross the hall, but he never came. One night my father and I sat up very late, talking as usual of Louis and his probable fate, when a loud knocking at the gate almost drowned our voices. We both rose, but before we reached the door, it was opened, and a tall man entered, entirely covered with an immense cloak, and his hat drawn down over his eyes. My heart beat very fast at the first sight of the unknown, for I thought it might possibly be Louis dressed in this disguise to surprise us more completely, but at the first sound of his voice, I knew it did not belong to Louis, who had the softest, sweetest, and most musical voice imaginable. The man looked up and down the room, and gazed at us intently, but spoke not a word. My father at last grasping his arm impatiently, said,

"Do you bring us news of Louis Dalton?"

"Speak! cruel man! speak! Do you not see me bowed down with grief? Do you not see my poor child, pale, drooping, her eyes red and swollen, weeping for him, and still you will not speak?" My father over-

come with excitement, threw himself into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. The stranger quite unmoved, had been fidgetting in his pocket for something, and at last he produced a small packet, carefully sealed, and handed it to me. Joy! happiness! It was from Louis. I knew his beloved handwriting immediately. It contained two letters—one for my father, the other for myself. I could not read mine then, I longed to ponder over it in my own room. My father seized his letter and read it eagerly.

It said that, he (Louis) would be with us that day week; that he was longing to see us all again; that he had been greatly surprised at first at not hearing from us, (though we had written very frequently,) but he had found out that numbers of letters had never reached their destination, in consequence of the irregularity of the post; and, therefore, he supposed ours had been mislaid, and we had been equally unfortunate in regard to his. He praised the stranger highly, who had carried these letters; said he was a faithful, honest soldier, and for his sake to treat him courteously. He had, indeed, joined the army, but in the first engagement had been dangerously wounded, taken prisoner, and immured in a dark, dismal dungeon, for nearly three years, from which he had only now escaped, assisted by his devoted servant, (the stranger,) whom he had sent on before to acquaint us of his arrival. My father continued talking to the soldier while I rushed to my room to read my Louis's letter. It was so sweet, so loving, so like himself! I read it over and over again—I pressed it to my heart—I kissed it hundreds of times—his dear, dear handwriting. Great were the preparations made to welcome his return. My father seemed another man—he was so full of life and spirits. As our wedding was to take place immediately, I was, as may well be supposed, greatly occupied preparing everything. There was not much time, but on the Friday, (he was expected on the Saturday,) all things, nevertheless, were in complete readiness. I could not rest that night thinking that the reward of all my patience had come at last. I had so many soft, sweet words to say to Louis, that I did not know how or where to commence. I wondered if he would be changed. Three years make a great alteration in a person's appearance. I was full of joy, of hope, of every delightful feeling. The sudden reaction after so much suffering and anxiety made me almost mad—I was, if I may say so, intoxicated with joy!

It is nine o'clock on the eventful Saturday evening. Everything is prepared. The park is brilliantly lighted. Numbers of the tenants are waiting to welcome him. He is expected at ten. My own little snug boudoir, (his favourite room,) is arranged for his reception. My father, extremely agitated, is trying to read a magazine, but, not succeeding, keeps taking out his watch continually, and walks up and down the room. I can scarcely speak; it is with the greatest effort I answer my father's numerous questions. At last we sit in silence, and exactly as the clock struck ten, we heard a carriage coming along. It is he! Oh, joy! Louis is come at last. I hastened wildly to the hall, followed by my father, to be the first to welcome him to his old home again. The carriage had only

stopped that moment and two men jumped down. Instead of entering the house, they remained looking into the carriage, and seemed preparing to take something out of it. They carried their precious burden into the hall, and oh ! my dear reader, can you imagine what that was ? It was the almost lifeless body of Louis Dalton ! Life was ebbing fast, still he was quite conscious. I did not faint or scream ; I did not shed a tear, but knelt down beside him. He gave me one fond, loving look, like that look of past years ; called me his own Maggie ; laid his head on my shoulder, and, clasping my hand tightly, with a gentle sigh his loving spirit went to rest.

How long we remained together I never knew ; when I next came to consciousness I found myself in bed, my father and some kind friends attending me. It was all finished. My sad story will soon be at an end.

They buried him in the pretty little village church-yard. They told me I had been ill for months. In my anguish, I prayed that I, too, might die ; but my petition was not granted, and gradually I recovered my shattered health, but never my weary and broken heart.

My first walk was to Louis's last resting-place. It was tastefully decorated with flowers, and so it has ever remained. Most of this memoir has been written by his grave. Hours and hours have I sat there, weeping and sighing, and wishing for the time when we who have been separated in life would be united for ever in death.

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Some of my readers may wish to know how Louis Dalton met his death. On his voyage home, in endeavouring to rescue a lady who had fallen overboard, he received some internal injuries, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered ; and the joy and delight at being at home with us once more brought on an affection of the heart, to which he was subject, and thus caused his untimely end.

CAROLINE TURNER.

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### THE GREAT APOSTACY OF 1666.

THE speculative mind of Europe seems to have been fascinated by the Apocalyptic character of the year 1666. Commentators looked forward to its proving a year of wonders and revelations, of convulsions of states, and ominous signs in the heavens. These phenomena, they predicted, were to precede, and to some extent typify, a profound alteration of the position and prospects of the Jews. Either the scattered race was to become Christians by a wholesale process of conversion, or it was to be restored to its lost eminence by the visible descent of the promised Messiah, who should rule over a new theocracy until the consummation of time. The Jews themselves were rapidly infected by those opinions, and hastened to set their houses in order. Strange reports circulated with a swiftness anything but peculiar to that slow and primitive period, coursed along the Mediterranean, and found genial welcomes in England, France, Germany, and

Spain. At one time it was asserted, that the deserts of Arabia had yielded up the lost tribes, who were marching, thick as a locust flight, on Palestine. Then London was agitated by learning that a ship with silken sails and cordage, manned by a crew who spoke nothing but Hebrew, and herself rejoicing in the name of the "Twelve Tribes," had touched at a port in the north of Scotland. Rumours so extraordinary gave somewhat of consistency and colour to the floating predictions of the hour, and prepared the credulous for unprecedented sights and marvels. The frenzy had barely reached its climax when Sabatai Sevi appeared at Smyrna, and formally announced himself to be the promised Messiah. He published a manifesto, in which the greatness of the approaching kingdom, and the gathering together of the Jews from all corners of the earth, were set down as the specific object of his mission. In a few months, more than a million of Israelites believed in the divinity of the impostor, and day after day this number was increased by enormous accessions. So certain were the deluded people of the glorious future about to break on them, that from Constantinople to Buda, whole communities abandoned trade and business, and spoke of nothing but the dignities and appointments which were in store for them. Pedigrees were hunted up, and grave men, whose wits were disordered by the current enthusiasm, sat down to antedate their occupations in the New Jerusalem.

Sabatai Sevi, the head and front of this strange delusion, was the son of Mordecai Sevi, a native of Smyrna, and broker to an English merchant. The impostor's youth was passed in dreams and abstractions. He was passionately fond of theology and metaphysics, and succeeded in manufacturing from the two a doctrine, or science, which had won a multitude of proselytes to its side before the founder had reached the age of manhood. What the precise nature of the new creed was, we do not know. It came, however, into collision with the Rabbinical faith of Smyrna; for, one day Sevi's disciples raised a scholastic tumult in the synagogue, for which they were expelled, and their leader banished the city. He turned up at Salonica, where he married a lady of great beauty, "But," says his biographer, "either not having that part of economy as to govern a wife, or that she found not favour in his eyes, she was divorced from him." Sevi lost no time in providing another partner for his bosom, from whom he was also divorced for unexplained reasons. We next meet with him on his way to Jerusalem, in company with a third wife, "a Ligorness lady whom he had picked up on his travels." How long this new connexion lasted we are not able to say. The fair Ligorness puts in a transient appearance at Gaza, and nothing more is heard of her. Arrived in the Holy City, Sevi seems to have established himself as an erudite authority with the Jewish population of the place. By his advice they abolished the fast of Tazmaz, (June,) and consented to several innovations, equally radical, either suggested or dictated by him. Emboldened by his success, and trusting to the strength of his authority and influence, it occurred to Sevi to take advantage of the excited Hebrew imagination, and proclaim himself the Christ. He communicated his design to a follower, named

Nathan, who approved of it, and assisted in preparing the impostor's programme. Nathan undertook the part of Elias, the precursor, and suddenly astonished his brethren by prophesying, that at the end of the year the Messiah would rise up before the Grand Seigneur, whom he would discrown, and lead away captive in chains. A sweeping edict abolished every fast in the Jewish calendar; the impostor declaring, by way of justification, that "the Bridegroom being come, nothing but joy and triumph ought to dwell in the habitations of the just." Meanwhile, Sabatai Sevi was busy preaching the schism at Gaza. Repentance for sin, obedience to himself and his doctrines were the principal topics of his discourses. Proselytes flocked in multitudes to the place; and the Jews were everywhere made acquainted with the fact of the Messiah's appearance. They constantly prayed, practised almsgiving, and "purified their hearts for the blessedness which was coming." The orthodox belief seems to have been that, having inaugurated his reign, the saviour was to disappear for nine months, during which time the chosen people were to suffer pains, and even martyrdom. At the expiration of that time he was to return, "mounted on a celestial lion, with a bridle made of serpents with seven heads, accompanied by his brethren." Then were the nations to acknowledge him for the sole monarch of the universe. The holy temple would descend from heaven, furnished and beautiful; and in its courts and sanctuaries the generations would make perpetual sacrifices.

When the minds of the Jews of Palestine had been sufficiently inflamed with these promises, Sabatai Sevi turned his back to Jerusalem, and set out for Constantinople. Nathan, learning of his movements, established himself at Damascus, where he "converted many" by acts and exhortations. From that city he wrote as follows to his co-impostor:—

"22. Kevan of this year.

"To the King, our King, Lord of our lords, who gathers the dispersed of Israel, who redeems our captivity, the man elevated to the height of all sublimity, the Messiah of the God of Jacob, the true Messiah, the Celestial Lion, Sabatai Sevi, whose honour be exalted, and dominion raised in a short time, and for ever. Amen.

"After having kissed your hands and swept the dust from your feet, as my duty is to the King of kings, whose majesty be exalted, and his empire enlarged. These are to make known to the supreme excellency of that place, which is adorned with the beauty of your sanctity, that the word of the king, and of his law hath enlightened our faces. That day hath been a solemn day unto Israel, and a day of light unto our rulers, for immediately we applied ourselves to your command, as our duty is. And though we heard of many strange things, yet we are courageous, and our heart is as the heart of a lion; nor ought we enquire a reason for your doings, for your works are marvellous, and past finding out; and we are confirmed in our fidelity without all exception, resigning up our very souls for the holiness of your name. And now we are come as far as Damascus, intending shortly to proceed on our journey to Scanderoon, as you have



commanded us; that so we may ascend and see the face of God in light, as the light of the face of the King of Life. And we, servants of your servants, shall cleanse the dust from your feet, beseeching the majesty of your excellency and glory to vouchsafe from your habitation to have a care of us, and help us with the right hand of strength, and shorten our way which is before us: And we have our eyes towards Jah, Jah, who will make haste to help us, and save us, that the children of iniquity shall not hurt us, and towards whom our hearts pant and are consumed within us: Who shall give us talons of iron to be worthy to stand under the shadow of your ass? These are the words of the servant of your servants, who prostrates himself to be trod on by the soles of your feet.

"NATHAN BENJAMINE."

At the same time Nathan addressed this curious epistle to the Jews at Aleppo:

"To the residue or remnant of the Israelites, peace without end.

"These, my words, are to give you notice how that I am arrived in peace at Damascus, and behold, I go to meet the face of our Lord, whose majesty be exalted, for he is the sovereign of the king of kings, whose empire be enlarged. According as he hath commanded us, the twelve tribes, to elect unto him twelve men, so we have done: And we now go to Scanderoon, by his command, to shew our faces, together with part of the principal of those particular friends to whom he hath given license to assemble in that same place: And now I come to make known to you that though you have heard strange things of our Lord, yet let not your hearts faint or fear, but rather fortify yourselves in your faith, because all his actions are miraculous and secret, which human understanding cannot comprehend, and who can penetrate into the depths of them? In a short time all things shall be manifested to you clearly in their purity; and you shall know, and consider, and be instructed by the Inventor himself. Blessed is he who can expect and arrive to the salvation of the true Messiah, who will speedily publish his authority and empire over us now and for ever. Amen."

This grotesque document produced an effect which the writer could have hardly dared to hope for. It made its way to Turkey, and was received by the Jewish population as a message sent from the bearer to lighten the burthens of oppression, and prepare their hearts for the great destiny that awaited the Hebrew race. As a direct consequence of this belief, business was neglected, and the mercantile passion was temporarily eliminated from the Jewish character. What need had they of sales and bargainings, on whom unlimited riches were to descend from the treasures of God? At Thessalonica the Israelites deserted the bazaars *en masse*, and, having shut themselves up in their houses, devoted all their time to prayer and mortification. Cochams (priests) were appointed to construct a new liturgy, and regulate the fasts and devotions deemed necessary to qualify the elect to enter on his inheritance. Many fasted beyond their

ability, and died miserable deaths. Great numbers abstained from food for the space of seven days. Others buried themselves in gardens until their bodies grew stiff from damp and cold, when they were dug out by their fellows, only to be actually interred a few hours after. The extremists dropped melted wax on their shoulders, rolled naked in snow, or dashed their bodies into frozen ponds. A prescribed mode of mortification directed the penitent to prick his back and sides with long needles, and then suffer thirty-nine lashes on the punctured parts. Rich merchants sold their superfluous treasures to the infidels, and distributed the proceeds to the poor. No Jew was permitted to trade, or to retain more than the simplest necessities of life in his house. And lest the Messiah should accuse them of evading the precept, "Increase and multiply," they married together children of ten years and some under, without respect to riches or poverty, kindred or quality, to the extent of 700 couples in Thessalonica alone." Subsequently, these ill-concerted matches were declared null, but not until the delusion in which they had originated was blown to the winds.

In the midst of the storm, Sabatai Sevi entered Smyrna, clothed with all the honours of an exile he had turned to such good account. His reception by the common Jews was enthusiastic. They fell at his feet, kissed his shoes and garments, and swallowed the dust in which he walked. Not so the Cochams, who denounced him for a cheat, and trembled for the result of his teachings. If his doctrines took hold, their occupation should go. Nevertheless, their denunciations melted into thin air before the cloud of witnesses which rose up to testify to Sabatai Sevi. These declared that his life was blameless, his acts marvellous, his prophetic gift without precedent or parallel. The Cochams grew uneasy, and deputed one of their body to confront the impostor, face to face, and expose the absurdity of his pretensions. The plan failed. Whilst the dispute was waxing warmer and warmer, a mob of Jews went to the Cadi, whom they bribed to side with their Messiah, and condemn the Cochams. The functionary served his pay-masters so well, that the head of the offending priests was dismissed, with disgrace, to make room for a more accommodating substitute. This victory made excellent capital for Sevi. He caused reports to be sent abroad, asserting in substance, that "his enemies were struck with frenzies and madness, until being restored to their former temper and wits by him, they became his friends, admirers, and disciples." Thenceforth neither marriage nor circumcision was solemnized in Smyrna, unless the Messiah were present to bestow his benediction. Whenever he went abroad he was attended by a swarm of followers, and the road or street was covered with carpets or costly cloths, to save his feet from defilement. At last he declared himself to be the Son of God, and sent the subjoined proclamation to every synagogue in the east.

"The only and first-born Son of God, Sabatai Sevi, the Messiah and Saviour of Israel, to all the sons of Israel, peace, since that you are made worthy to see the great day of deliverance and salvation unto Israel, and the accomplishment of the word of God, promised by his prophets, and our

forefathers, and by his beloved sons of Israel; let your bitter sorrows be turned into joy, and your fasts into festivals, for you shall weep no more, O my sons of Israel, for God having given you this unspeakable comfort, rejoice with drums, organs, and music, giving thanks to him for performing his promises from all ages, doing that every day which is usual for you to do upon the new moons; and that day dedicated to affliction and sorrow, convert you into a day of mirth for my appearance; and fear you nothing, for you shall have dominion over the nations, and not only over those who are on earth, but over those creatures also which are in the depths of the sea. All of which is for your consideration and rejoicing.

“SABATAI SEVI.”

Amongst the opponents whom this proclamation roused into outspoken hostility, was one Samuel Pennia, a “man of good estate and reputation in Smyrna.” He had the boldness to brand Sevi as a charlatan, and to argue in the synagogue that the signs, promised to precede the coming of the Saviour, were not visible. For this offence he narrowly escaped with his life; for the schismatics rose in a tumult, and wished to stone him to death for the blasphemies he had uttered. Yet two months had not elapsed, when this same man became a believer in the divinity of the impostor, and publicly preached him up as the Son of God. His family followed his example, his daughters falling into ecstasies, and prophesying the greatness of Sabatai Sevi. This madness was universal; and infants who could scarce stammer out a syllable, pronounced plainly the secular name of the Messiah. Peoples’ stomachs found tongues, and sent up warnings and predictions. Grown persons dropped down in the streets, and whilst foaming at the mouth, delivered coherent promises of the coming kingdom, and the majesty of its ruler. “All of which,” says the narrator, “were false, being the effects of diabolical delusion, as the Jews themselves have since confessed unto me.”

And now Sevi proceeded to organise the ministry which was to govern the heavenly state. Twenty-one men were selected for this office, and were severally named, King David, Solomon, Quovan, Sheriah, Josaphat, Hilkiah, Jotham, Zedekiah, Ahas, Joram, Achab, Asa, Rehoboam, Ammon, Jehoachim, Jeroboam, Abia, Zorobabel, Joas, Amasia, Josiah. Sevi himself was styled the King of the king of kings, and between him and the administration proper there were three functionaries—the vice-king or vizier, the king of the kings of Judah, and a deputy-vice-king. Only a miracle was needed to confirm the last pretensions of Sabatai; and this he undertook to perform. He had to appear before the *cadi*, in the interests of his disciples, and whilst standing in the magisterial presence, he declared with a loud voice that a pillar of fire shot up between himself and the judgment seat. Little was required to convince the Jews that this appearance had actually manifested itself. The distracted multitude rushed into the streets, exclaiming, “A miracle! a miracle!” and in a short time the entire city firmly believed that the eternal Father had given a palpable proof of his Son’s divinity. The men cast their wealth at the impostor’s feet, and the women offered him their trinkets and jewels, and abased their

necks to be trod upon. Sabatai cunningly rejected the treasures, and raising the prostrate females, embraced them as daughters of the celestial inheritance. These acts confirmed the general fanaticism, and the believers were forbidden to break bread with such as rejected the Deliverer of Zion. Smyrna was intoxicated with the glory of harbouring the Messiah, and sent out swarms of missionaries commissioned to preach the new gospel in every part of Europe. Suddenly and without previous warning, Sevi disappeared from the midst of his worshippers. He embarked privately in a Turkish cacique, and sailed for Constantinople. Smyrna bewailed his departure, but did not venture to blame him, comforting itself with the conviction that God has no responsibilities. The vessel was detained at sea by contrary winds, and fought its way doubtfully for thirty-nine days against the northern gales of the Hellespont. No attempt was made by the Messiah to control the action of the elements; and the faith of those on board was rudely shaken by the time the vessel entered port. The Jews of Constantinople were prepared for his coming, and received him with blessings and acclamations. The tidings flew from street to street, Jews and Turks rushing out to gaze upon the man who professed to share the throne with the Almighty. At last the bruit reached the ears of the grand vizier, by whose orders Sabatai Sevi was seized and cast into a loathsome dungeon. Thither he was followed by crowds of Israelites, who saw in his degradation only a fresh evidence of his divine origin and mysterious mission. They approached him with bowed heads and clasped hands, and poured costly offerings on the floor of his dungeon. There, as in other places, the Israelites were forbidden to trade, and commanded to forego traffic and negotiation of every description. The English merchants of the city, to whom the Jews were indebted for considerable sums, suffered by this mandate; for their demands were scornfully repudiated by the debtors. In this emergency they visited Sabatai, and complained that several Jews took advantage of his arrival to defraud them of their rightful dues, and many besought him to rebuke so gross an injustice. The impostor inclined his head, and taking a pen, wrote the following proclamation:

“To you of the nation of the Jews, who expect the appearance of the Messiah, and the salvation of Israel, peace without end. Whereas we are informed that you are indebted to several of the English nation: It seemeth right to order you to make satisfaction for these your just debts: Which if you refuse to do, and not obey us herein, know you that you are not to enter with us into our joys and dominions.”

The threat succeeded, and the claims of the English merchants were promptly discharged. Two months passed away, and still the delirious disciples beheld their master housed in a reeking cell, exposed to the scoffs and derision of his jailors. But their faith remained steadfast; and when the grand vizier, (then preparing for the expedition to Candia,) ordered Sabatai to be transferred to the castle of Abydos, they swore that the God of Jacob compelled him to do so, and prevented murderous hands being laid upon his beloved Son. In his new quarters the impostor was

visited by multitudes of Jews from Poland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands. The town failed to afford food and shelter for so large a concourse of people; and the Turks profited by the influx, to raise the price of every necessary to a most exorbitant figure. They compelled every visiter of Sabatai to pay a fine of from ten to twenty dollars, according to his ability; and as the fanatics brought grist to the mills of the infidels, they were treated with unusual consideration. The impostor began to feel the wearisomeness of captivity, and lest the belief of the Jews should be affected by his misfortunes, he addressed them, on the anniversary of his nativity in these words :—

“Brethren and my people, men of religion inhabiting the city of Smyrna the renowned, where live men and women and families; peace be unto you from the Lord of Peace, and from me his beloved son, King Solomon. I command you that the ninth day of the month of Ab, next to come, you make a day of invitation and of great joy, celebrating it with choice meats and pleasant drinks, with many candles and lamps, with music and songs, because it is the day of the birth of Sabatai Sevi, the high King, above all the kings of the earth. And as to matter of labour and other things of like nature, do as becomes you upon a day of festival, adorned with your finest garments. As to your prayers, let the same order be used as upon your festivals. To converse with Christians on that day is unlawful, though your discourse be matters indifferent: all labour is forbidden, but to sound instruments is lawful. This shall be the method and substance of your prayers on this day of festival. After you have said—‘Blessed be thou, O holy God,’ then proceed and say, ‘thou hast chosen us before all people, and hast loved us, and hast been delighted with us, and hast been blest for us more than all other nations and has sanctified us with thy precepts, and has brought us near to thy service, and the service of your king. \* \* \* Hast given us, according to thy love, times of joy and peace, of festivals and mirth, and this day of consolation for a solemn conversation of holiness, for the birth of our king, the Messiah, Sabatai Sevi, thy servant, and first-born son in love.’”

To this was appended a long catalogue of ceremonies to be observed in honour of the Messiah's birth. Wine was to be drunk in a specified manner, and bread broken amid the blare of trumpets, these being, as Swedenborg would have it, “spiritual correspondences understood lovingly by the angels.” Those who prayed at the couch of Sevi's mother obtained the same indulgences as pilgrims, who visited Jerusalem. Those bountiful concessions increased the enthusiasm of the Jews, and the influence of the impostor. The synagogues were adorned with his monogram in gold; and the 91st Psalm being supposed to refer specially to his appearance, was written in large letters on the porches. A certain cocham of Smyrna, alarmed for the welfare of his brethren, lodged a complaint with the local cadi, declaring he had no share in the apostacy of the people, and no faith in the pretended saviour. The Jews resorted to their old expedient, bribed

the cadi, and procured the disgrace of the daring blasphemer. He was condemned to be shaved, to be deprived of his dignities, and chained to a galley for the rest of his life. And now the schismatics awaited the descent of Elias. Scarcely had the desire taken shape, than hundreds averred that they had seen the prophet. One met him in the streets of Constantinople, habited like a Turk—a person of heavenly intelligence and majestic air. In the course of the interview Elias wept because the people had ceased to wear fringes to their garments; and he commanded them to return to the observance without loss of time. The words of the vision were taken to heart, and every one fringed his garments and suffered his hair to grow. At every feast a seat and wine-cup were placed for the Lord Elias; and when the Jews retired for the night, a board was spread for the use of the expected visitor. In many cases the entertainers asserted that the prophet consumed the wine and ate the bread, leaving in their stead a vessel of fragrant oil. At public banquets the revellers sprang from their seats, pointing to the bare walls, and crying—"Behold Elias—behold the Lord Elias, our prophet." Roused by these exclamations the company, in the words of the narrator, directed orations, encomiums, and words of thankfulness to the apparition, courting and complimenting him as distracted lovers do the supposed presence of their mistresses. Sabatai himself being present at a circumcision, desired the priest to wait until he should command him to proceed. He was obeyed; and in answer to those who questioned his interference, he declared that the delay was occasioned by the absence of Elias, who did not arrive until he permitted the performance of the ceremony.

All went merry as a marriage bell, until a second impostor, Nehemiah Cohen, started up in the path of Sabatai Sevi. This man "esteemed himself as able a fellow to act the part of the Messiah as the other;" but felt that he was late in the field. Staggering under the weight of this conviction, he made for Abydos, and had a confidential interview with Sabatai. Him he reminded that, according to the exposition of the learned, there were to be two saviours, one called Ben Ephnam, the other Ben David, the first poor and despised, the second great and rich. Nehemiah was not ambitious; would Sevi acknowledge him for the persecuted Messiah, and share his empire with his servant? The two impostors debated the proposal at considerable length, and parted in a storm of personalities. Cohen proclaimed himself the co-Messiah; was denounced by his rival, and expelled Abydos. Burning with rage he set out for Adrianople, and informed the authorities that the Jews were hatching a conspiracy against the empire, which they hoped to subvert by the assistance of their god. This story was communicated to the Grand Seignior, at whose instance Sabatai was brought to his presence, and questioned as to the pretensions he had published. Sabatai, covered with confusion, and trembling from head to foot, declined to make answer. Subsequently he acknowledged that he was ignorant of the Turkish language, and applied for an interpreter. An apostate Jew presented himself, and through him Sabatai repeated the story of his divine origin and mission. The Turks ground their teeth, and said



that, if he were truly God they could not harm him. To test his genuineness the Grand Seignior desired him to be stripped, tied to a tree, and set as a mark for sixty dexterous archers. If his flesh repelled the arrows he would be accepted for what he said ; if penetrated, he was to die the death of the worst criminal. Hearing this Sabatai lifted his hands and invoked the assemblage to hear him. He then categorically retracted all his pretensions, adding that he was but a poor scholar, with nothing virtuous or privileged above the rest of his brethren. Consternation seized the Jews at this avowal, and they fled the place, tearing their hair and casting down their garments. But the Grand Turk was not to be satisfied with a simple recantation. He decreed that, as Sabatai had given public scandal to the Mahomedans, excited discontent, and uttered treason against the throne, he should conform to the Turkish religion, or be impaled alive upon a stake. In this extremity the degraded impostor did not hesitate what to do ; for, he replied cheerfully that he was satisfied to become a Mahomedan, from sincere conviction, and " having been a long time desirous of so glorious a profession, he esteemed himself much honoured that he had an opportunity to own it first in the presence of the Grand Seignior.

When the Jewish congregations learned of Sabatai's apostacy, their grief scarcely knew bounds. They became objects of derision to the Turks and Christians ; were pelted and hooted, often forcibly made to confess that their pretended God was an impostor, and that for the hundredth time they had been fooled by the hope of supernatural deliverance. The Christians chuckled over their discomfiture ; it was their turn now to strut and take credit for far-seeing wisdom. And whilst his other disciples were paying the penalties of their folly, Sabatai sat down at the feet of Sanni Effendi, preacher to the seraglio, to master the details of the Mahomedan rite. To his brethren he sent numberless addresses, invoking them to abandon the Mosaic faith, which was only the foreshadowing of that which reached the fullness of divine perfection in the religion of the Grand Turk. Nor were his appeals without result ; for the Jews could not wholly persuade themselves that he was a cheat, and multitudes flocked to him from Babylon and Jerusalem and embrace Mahomedanism. Nathan, the precursor, mysteriously disappeared, and was popularly believed to have ascended into heaven. So strong, indeed, was the fanaticism of the Israelites that many believed the soul of Sabatai Sevi had quitted its tabernacle, and was replaced by a demon, on the day which witnessed his shame and the confusion of his followers. Years after men averred that, they had seen him in the desert, upborne by angels, his hands stretched towards Jerusalem, his garments shining like the sun. Gradually these reports died away, or were absorbed into a cynical scepticism, which shook its head, and remained reticent when the deliverer was mentioned. Sabatai died in full odour of Turkish sanctity, in the month of July, 1676.

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## GARDEN PHANTOMS.

MIXE is a quiet country house,  
In the cool of orchard trees,  
Sunniest walls, and plots of thyme,  
Where flock the singing bees.  
The black rook calls from ivied elms,  
The dove moans near and far,  
The long lake in the pasture's breadth  
Shines like a troubled star;  
And up and down the grassy slopes  
All day there come and go  
Flying shadows, chased by lights  
That waver to and fro,  
As the branches of the winter limes  
Across the early snow.

And every casement of the house  
Looks outward to the west—  
Outward to the violet hills,  
And vales of dreamful rest:  
On woods that brake in scarlet flames,  
Or rock in golden brown;  
Thro' drifting hazes white with heat  
Blown landward from the town—  
Blown landward from the chafing port,  
Where swarm the mighty ships,  
All mailed and braided with the salt  
And green weed of the deeps;  
Where foreign words and laughter ring  
From thin and bearded lips.

But mine is God's sweet solitude,  
The company of birds,  
The trailer on the mildewed pane,  
The hum of river fords.  
The sad, sweet spirits love the place—  
The Dear Ones of my youth,  
Strong souls that were my morning  
hours

Ere life was dashed with ruth  
Amid the elms I hear them pace,  
Between the day and night;  
And spirit music lingers there  
Whilst lingers the red light—  
The glory that the twilight wears  
Whilst half the sky is bright.

What are those songs they sing to me  
Beside the lapping lake?  
Heart tunes we carolled long ago  
For some sweet friendship's sake.  
Hark! 'tis the chorus we upraised,  
One autumn sunset gay,  
As down the stream the oarless boat  
Went with the currents gray;

The moon looked level thro' the  
woods—

An ambush filled with fire—  
A yellow moon—an August moon  
That burned upon a pyre  
Of forest trees, and with the night  
Flamed upward higher and higher.

'Tis sunset time o'er half the land,  
'Tis spirit time and lo!  
The fond pale faces come in throngs,  
The ariel laughers flow.  
Between the diamonds of the glass,  
I see the kindly eyes—  
The clear, strong visions that may gaze  
On light in Paradise.  
Yea, God hath changed them and hath  
veiled  
Their mystical excess,  
The angel is the fairer part,  
The mortal is the less;  
Enough is given of each and each,  
To recognise and bless.

O hark! upon the red brick floors,  
About the dusky room,  
The gentle footsteps lightly pass,  
And tinkle in the gloom.  
The tender shadows fill the chairs  
With shining shapes of air;  
I see the growing starlight strike  
On brows and temples fair.  
There blows a wind, and upward comes  
An immemorial tune,  
The rocking orchard holds its leaves  
In one long breathless swoon,  
And lucent arms are raised between  
The casement and the moon.

Then from the darkening heavens there  
falls  
The quietude of rest;  
The latest stain of sunset wanes  
To whiteness in the west.  
The thin brook hurries past the wood,  
And through the chestnut trees  
The household tapers spark and gleam  
From silent villages.  
Upon the glass there is a moan—  
The moan of harvest rain,  
The sweet sad phantoms smile their last  
Beside the ivied pane,  
And mingle with the evening dreams  
That flood the listless brain.

## GLIMPSES OF THE REIGN OF NERO.

## SCENE I.

ONE evening, about the middle of the reign of the Roman tyrant, Nero, a group of Christians, seven in number, might have been seen wending their way along the banks of the Dead Sea, toward a small, flat-roofed building of stone, which stood on an eminence, surrounded by a few palm trees, overlooking its sluggish, desolate waters. Among them were old men and young, women and maidens, all were attired in white robes with hoods partially concealing their faces, and all advanced in silence, pacing with sandaled feet upon the hot sands and thick crust of salt which bordered the path along the shore. The sun had already sunk its globe of burning gold behind the mountains of Judea, but the sky still glowed with magnificent colours—a million of rainbows seemed to be dispersed and reflected through the air—and upon the sides of the barren steep long streaks of crimson cloud still crossed the summits of the remoter peaks, and through the dry transparent atmosphere a thousand tints, scarlet and saffron, gold and violet, bathing the sides of the ravines, the rugged rocks and precipices—seemed to animate desolation itself, and in that tranquil hour irradiate the mournful region with a smile of beauty like a dream of Paradise.

As they approached the building, several persons came forth, and when they met saluted, each kissing the other on the forehead, after which they ascended to the roof by a stair running along the outer wall. Here, after conversing for some time they knelt and prayed long and earnestly, turning their faces toward a western star shining over Bethlehem.

Presently, while discussing their evening meal, olives, bread and water, their conversation turned on the Christian brethren in Rome, and the journey which they purposed—one of the company, a youth, named Elias, should undertake with the object of visiting them and bearing tidings of their condition back again to their friends in Judea. After a time, the women retired within and slept, and the men, stretching on the roof in the open air, under the azure sky, and bright stars twinkling through the leaves of the palms, with which the structure was surrounded, likewise sought repose until morning.

Next dawn they were astir; the camels were loaded with fruit and wine for the journey, and after prayers were offered up for his safety, and that of his affectionate family, the youth Elias, accompanied some distance by the men, departed, and for several days pursued his course towards Gaza—at which port, taking ship he set sail, and in time reached the capital of the Seven Hills. Rome in those days was the universal city, in which all the nations of the world was represented, and hence it became the most attractive resort of the eastern Christians, as it afforded them the largest centre, from which, in all directions throughout all lands they could spread the tidings of revelation.

## CONFLAGRATION.

A fine autumn evening glowed airily over the Campagna of Rome, where a couple of shepherds, a youth and an old man, were watching their flocks in the sunset, under the shade of a broad-spreading chestnut. From time to time, as twilight fell from the calm depths of the eastern sky, a wave of air caused the dome of foliage, under which they rested, to tremble at intervals, so that presently their attention was directed to the point whence it came.

"What an unusual sky!" the first remarked, looking on a lurid, tumultuous mass of cloud, like a citadel of thunder, which had slowly risen; the sunset light faintly reflected on its metallic-looking domes, gray ledges, black precipices, and cavernous openings.

"And behold yonder strips of cloud like tongues of flame," said the other, "methinks we shall soon have a storm about us. Such another sky I beheld in Apulia, when the great earthquake occurred, two years since. A vapour full of thunder began to rise first, then as it mounted above the woods, the earth began to shake, the mountains to groan, the buildings to topple"—

Here he was interrupted by some great drops of rain, which came pattering down on the dry foliage.

"Let us drive our flocks to fold," said the old man, suddenly rising; "the sky is getting black, the wind and deluge will soon be upon us."

The dusk had already well nigh deepened into night, as they began to collect their flock and hurry them to the pens. Already the lurid lighting in broad sheets flowed ghastly along the horizon—the clouds flew—from time to time strong gusts of wind came rushing along, bending the trees—the distant woods began to crackle and moan dismally, the sky became dark and agitated, and all appearances above and below seemed to herald the sudden advance of the tempest.

Several hours past—it was already midnight, and the population of Rome had for the most part retired to rest. Occasionally the lectica of a senator, borne by slaves and surrounded by guards and torch-bearers, passed toward some mansion on the Sacred Way; sometimes a drunken slave or gladiator staggered out of some closing wine shop, or a group of eastern women, with black dresses and mitres were seen hurrying from the neighbourhood of the theatres and entering some of the narrow, lampless streets. Then, after a little, the city presented an aspect of utter loneliness and darkness, through which the storm already blew with great violence.

It was about an hour after midnight, when shrieks issued from a house which had caught fire in the Velabrum—an old oblong square to the north of the Capitoline hill, and principally occupied by shops. The houses in this quarter were mostly of wood, and fanned by the rush of the wind, the flames rapidly spread to those adjoining that in which they first appeared, and the alarm given, the population of the quarter rapidly collecting exerted themselves to check its advance, the neighbouring aqueduct affording them abundant supplies of water. They were at first hopeful that they

would be able to arrest its spreading, but the wind which had now risen to a tempest soon extinguished their anticipations and neutralized their efforts, and hardly an hour had elapsed before the entire range of structures on two sides of the square were enveloped in a mass of raging flame.

"By Hercules!" cried one of a group, who, after vainly making efforts to cut off communication between the houses on fire and those adjoining, and who now stood surveying its progress in sullen helplessness—"the catastrophe must have been the work of an incendiary, for as I was quitting my house, which had become no longer tenable, I saw a fellow with torch and straw escaping over the wall dividing my garden from that of neighbour Scaurus."

"Hush!" whispered a figure in the crowd, "come hither Curio," and leading him aside, he thrust a heavy purse of money into his hand.

As the conflagration spread invincibly in the raging storm, the entire population of Rome rushed to the scene; every hour its advance was marked among the narrow streets in the lower quarter of the city, and before morning the entire valley between the Aventine Capitoline and Pircian was filled with a sea of fire, two miles in extent. Sheets of flame were wafted from one district to another, consuming everything in their path, overwhelming in destructive deluge, houses with their inhabitants, forums, circuses, monuments. Nothing was heard but the shrieks of women, the roaring of the blaze, the crash and fall of great structures. So fierce and rapid was its approach, that the escape of hundreds was thus baffled. In one place a gathering of citizens, the men bearing away the most valuable goods, the women their children, would be seen hurrying through some street walled with fire, and their despairing cries would be heard, as hastening forward they perceived their escape cut off in the encircling fury of the element. Here a number of men adventure, with desperate courage into the thick of the conflagration, with the object of saving their friends—but the roofs now sink, the walls topple, and a volcano of sparks projected into the air mark the area of their burning grave. After the second day, during which the fire continued to rage, the population, whose dwellings had been destroyed, gathered on the higher hills, the Aventine, the Capitoline, and Esquiline, helplessly observing its progress, and lamenting the destruction of their friends, relatives, and property. But on the third day, even those elevated fastnesses became intolerable. They presented the appearance of islands standing up in an ocean of fire, whose raging billows each hour rose nearer and nearer their summits. Then the great temples became involved in the conflagration—the venerable monuments of antiquity—the temple which Servius Tullus erected to the Moon, that which Romulus dedicated to Jupiter, and Numa to Vesta—the mighty shrines in the Capitoline and in the Forum, crowded with the precious paintings, statuary, and writings of Greece—the palaces of the old generals, adorned with the hostile spoils of the Punic and Cæsarean wars—all that was noble and illustrious in the great city overwhelmed in the tempest and ocean of fire, sunk gradually during the six days of its fury into ashes—ashes in which were buried the corpses of vast numbers of citizens. On the seventh day, of the four-

teen quarters of Rome but four remained—the rest, covering miles, was a smouldering wreck.

NOVEMBER: 64. A.D.

THE great conflagration, whose progress was eventually checked by hurling down immense masses of buildings along the foot of the Esquiline and Palatine hills, has in time passed away; the valleys and open spaces heretofore crowded with streets, and occupied by forums, circuses, temples, etc., present an unvarying scene of wreck and ruin; black lines of *débris* alone testify to the original position of the leading highways—here a columned temple, roofless and shattered—there the long pillared lines of a portico—then a lofty obelisk or monument, indurated by fire, and darkened by smoke, still rise above drifts of ruin and mountains of ashes, in which mansions, shops, libraries, statuary—all the results of industry and conquest, reduced to dust by the tempestuous sea of flame, lie buried. Thousands of the citizens, of slaves and foreigners, who, compelled to abandon their property to the resistless element, had fled to the fields and open country, have returned, and mounting the ruined sides and summits of the lofty hills, contemplate the enormous scene of desolation. Some wander about the Capitoline hill, which had been completely swamped in the fiery sea—many of its national monuments, preserved with pious care throughout the ages of the republic—the cottage and field of Romulus, the various monuments, from those of the Curatii to those of Marius have disappeared: of the great temples to Jupiter and Juno nothing remains but the pillars and broken walls. Looking across the prospect they point to the theatre of Marcellus, the forums of Julius and Augustus filled with ashes—the piazzas of Livia and Octavius, from whose colonades the fair lines of trees have been swept away—the temple of Apollo, at the entrance of the Velabrum, is a pile of wreck, the smoke still rises above the smouldering mansions along the Sacred Way. Pillars, lines of columns, roofless walls of public and private buildings, and monuments alone meet the sight—nothing remains of the greater part of the vast city but its skeleton.

The Palatine, covered with the structures of Nero's Golden House, is the only district of Rome which has escaped the conflagration. The sun glows on its ranges of palaces, its snowy pillared baths, its theatres and amphitheatres, its ponds and menageries, on the colossal statue of the emperor, 120 feet high, which stands in the gigantic porch of the principal building, on the triple columned portico, a mile in length, by which this area, with its stupendous display of luxurious architecture and sumptuous gardens, which stretch along the Palatine to the entrance of the Sacred Way, fronting the Forum Romanum, is surrounded.\* Amid the ruins of the city, the palace of its incendiary alone remain intact. Full of contrasts is the

\* Martial, in one of his epigrams, alludes to the great architectural changes which had occurred in the Rome of his day—in the reign of Domitian, "where the ponds of Nero once lay, now rises the venerable mass of the far-seen amphitheatre (the Colosseum,) whose site indicates the extent of Nero's gardens. This great structure was chiefly erected from the ruins of his Golden House."



scene. Miles of wreck and *débris* in the valleys south of the Capitoline; on the Palatine, the lavish glare of gold and marble—to the north the green Campus Martius; crowded with tents, in which the populace have taken refuge; along the yellow flowing river; sunny peace on the Transtiberine mountains and the surrounding scenery—the leafy Latin hills, south of the plain, lofty Tiber—far off the gray pyramid of Soracte—and still further, framing all, the glittering crests of the Appenines.

Nero, who had been at Capua when the fire broke out, and who had returned to Rome during the fourth day of its continuance, had, night after night, feasted his eyes on the scene of grandeur and desolation. Mounted on one of the towers of his palace, garbed in the dress of a harper, he had exhibited an insane joy, chaunting the song of the burning of Troy, and, as historians state, issuing orders to prevent any step being taken toward its extinction, regarding the fire as a fortunate accident, inasmuch as it destroyed the congeries of old narrow streets which filled the valleys—and announcing his intention to rebuild Rome, and make it rise, phoenix-like, in superior splendour from its ashes. The belief prevalent among the populace that the fire had been originated at his directions, and the hatred of the multitude of citizens, knightly and senatorial, whose property had been destroyed, assuming each day a more portentous aspect, to divert the odium from himself, he accused the Christians resident in the city of being the authors of the catastrophe, and ordered their immediate seizure and destruction.

The hatred with which the Romans regarded the Christians arose from many motives and circumstances. The spread of the religion, as Pliny states, had caused the temples to become deserted, and as sacrifices were no longer offered, they became objects of the antipathy of all who ministered to paganism, official and commercial. It was among the people, as contradistinguished from the ruling classes, the equites and optinarii, that Christianity first extended its sway. The pagan worship, of which the latter had the direction, was a mere political instrument; hence their aversion to the universalist principles of the Faith lately introduced, which repelled assimilation, like other creeds naturalized in Rome. It is evident, from the terms in which many of the Roman writers speak of Christianity, that they were completely ignorant of its doctrines. Tacitus speaks of the Christians as enemies of mankind; and Suetonius designates them—*genus hominum superstitionis novæ et maleficæ*.

#### SCENE II.

Orders have been given for the seizure and destruction of the Christians of Rome, and from many directions in the districts beyond the river, whither they had fled from the fire, from the groves, caves, aqueducts, and porticoes where they had sought shelter, the fierce Roman soldiery are harrying many a group, chained and bound, to the gardens of Nero, where they are doomed to perish, subject to every device of pagan hatred, and demoniac invention.

It is night, the gardens are crowded by multitudes of both sexes,

brutalized by the pagan life of the age and the scenes of the arena, as a group of figures are being driven before the spears of the soldiery, toward an amphitheatre, from which piercing shrieks are heard, mingling with the roar of wild beasts, and that of the savage observers of the terrible spectacle. Immense torches illuminate the avenues, torches from which the cries of torture thrill the air; it is men and women wrapped in combustible substances, and fired which light the walks—and illuminate the scene of death in yonder structure. As the groups are hurried through the narrow stone passage into the arena—"To the lions," roar the Romans. See, some of them have been stripped, and sent unarmed to combat the furious beasts, which rage about the hideous space; others wrapped in tow, steeped in oil and rosin, have been set on fire, and for a few moments shrieking, and wrapped in flames, are pursued by savage monsters, whom the crowd stimulate, by pelting with fire balls, and goading with spears, pointed with red hot iron. Here a Caledonian bear tears the entrails of a naked figure, there a lion swiftly pursues a fugitive, smashing in his or her skull with his paw, and hungrily devouring the pitiable victim. Each moment the human torches are renewed, when one falls, another is forced to take his place, and perish. While amid anguished prayers and cries of torture and distress, the laughter of the hellish spectators of the scene rings in demoniac echoes round the benches of the ghastly building, the scene of the last extreme of tyranny and crime.

#### NERO AND LOCUSTA.

The scene is in a spacious and magnificent chamber in one of the structures of the Golden House of Nero. Its arched roof is embellished with sumptuous aureate work, its lofty walls, pannelled with cedar, and inlaid with the richest ivory carvings, is intervalled by numerous paintings, by the most illustrious Greek artists; splendid statues of deities and heroes occupy the numerous niches, and stand beneath its high casements, through which the dim evening light, fading into dusk, falls on floors of parquetry, scattered with sumptuous draperies of Tyre and Laconia, with the fine mats of Egypt, and over a multitude of superb vases, ornamented cups, and musical instruments ranged by its luxurious couches.

On one of the latter, under an awning, a figure appears sleeping; at a distance, a female slave, seated beside a dim lamp keeps watch.

The recumbent figure is that of a small man, yellow haired, obese, whose countenance wears an expression of luxurious indolence, mingling with the lines of ferocity and cruelty. Ever and anon his slumber appears disturbed by horrible dreams, his head rolls from side to side on his pillow, he raises his arms now before him as though to avert the approach of some fearful apparition, now covers his eyes with his hands, with a despairing gesture, as though he wished to crush the vision from his sight. At times, a groan of low agony escapes him. The figure is that of Nero; the beautiful female watching, is his freedwoman, Acte.

As the dusk thickens, and the light of the lamp begins to brighten through the heavy perfumed air of the chamber, a knock is heard at one of the great doors; Acte rises, approaches it on listening tip-toe, and

opening it, the emperor's freedman, Tigellinus, a dark faced depraved looking personage, with treacherous sycophantic smile, appears, in sumptuous apparel. Though comprehending the gesture of Acte, who has placed her finger on her lip, to intimate that the emperor sleeps, and though the conversation is carried on in whispers, the slight murmur of their voices has awakened Nero, who first starting from his couch with a cry of terror, grasping the draperies around him, as though he was drowning, presently recovers his composure, and in a thick voice demands who is that requires audience?

"It is Tigellinus," Acte answers, looking round, and the latter stealthily advancing, conveys a whispered communication to the emperor, in which the name "Locusta" is distinctly heard.

"Admit her," exclaims Nero, making a sign for the two persons to leave the chamber. He places the lamp on a marble table near his couch, and reclines. There is a pause.

Presently a female figure enters, and after closing the doors, advances with a soft, cat-like, stealthy gait. She is attired in a dark robe, and as she raises her black veil, discloses a face of singular expression—a withered and leaden hued face, from which a sort of lurid light appeared to emanate, like that seen above a grave—a face interlined about the eyes and mouth, with curved wrinkles, which quiver like vipers; her lips wear a sickening smile, like the light of decay—her deep set eyes sparkle fierce and serpent-like. Approaching the couch she makes an obeisance, and stands silent.

After a moment. "Hast thou brought me the poisons?" Nero enquires, glancing toward her uneasily, with sullen bloodshot eyes.

"I have obeyed Cæsar's orders," Locusta returns, in a low hissing voice.

"Produce them, and explain their principles and powers," returns Nero, with fierce and cruel avidity.

Upon this Locusta, withdrawing several phials and boxes from an inner fold of her robe, and after ranging them with a smile of infernal avarice and delight, says:—"Behold! oh Cæsar, the rarest treasures of my art, the most precious secrets, which have rewarded the study of the most famous enchanters in all ages, in India, Egypt, and all parts of the earth."

As Nero lifted and examined in succession the different phials, Locusta said:—

"The clear liquid in the first, which is of rare value, is the expressed juice of a certain plant which grows sparsely in the Avernine marshes, and which is harmless except gathered, as by me, in the darkness of the eclipsed moon. Here is another of superior power, which, when culled with the dead hand of an assassin,—a single drop kills; and again, still more precious is this gray, viscous fluid;—it is distilled from the stings of African wasps, which are accustomed to feed on the dead juices of a particular snake, which in summer frequents the fens of a seldom visited oasis—of this the twentieth part of a drop—such an atom as would rest on a needle's point—destroys; nor against it can any of the usual antidotes—mistletoe boiled in milk, hare's rennet, betony boiled in wine, the ashes of the head

of the fish phalangean, plantage, teneria, scordotis, seteridis, pharicon, dorycnium, or opocarpathos, avail. As, however, the phials are marked, in this scroll, oh Cæsar, you will find the history of their respective powers and mode of application. In consideration thereof, I demand a thousand sesterces."

With quivering fingers the emperor grasped the phials, and gathered them up, the while he told her disdainfully, that "she should receive twice the sum." As he moved to secrete them in an ebony cabinet beside his couch, he perceived the light of the lamp glitter on a small casket formed of smaragdum, which the witch still held in reserve, clutched tremblingly in her bony, skeleton claw.

"What is that?" he exclaimed, fiercely, "which thou appearest to hide. By Hercules, I doubt not that emerald box contains a drug more precious still than those I have purchased. If so, come, render it up, or thou leavest not this chamber alive."

As he spoke, a terrible expression, half smile, half sneer, glared on the face of the enchantress, and she stood erect, with an air of defiant composure, so strange and appalling, that Nero, retreating a step, clutched his dagger. As he did so Locusta laughed scornfully.

"Speak not to me of death," she said, in her hissing tone, "for thy life, oh Cæsar, is wholly in my power. Were I but to touch this spring and permit one breath of the odour preserved in this emerald, to escape, the next instant thou wouldst be numbered among the shades."

Nero breathed hard, drops of sweat trickled from his forehead, as still retreating, while he attempted to assume an air of pleasantry, he said, grasping the small charmed image of Andromeda, which he always carried with him, "Friends such as we, Locusta, are destined to reign on and enjoy the earth—Hades is for our enemies—but say, what sum shall I order thee for this potent treasure?"

"It is inestimable," returned the witch, replacing it in the folds of her robe.

"Well, be it so," Nero answered; "but if by to-morrow thou changest thy mind, I will bestow upon thee an estate in Apulia† lately fallen to the government."

At this moment Locusta was about to retire, when Nero, having touched a spring in the wall, and one of his freedmen appearing, he made him a peculiar sign.

"Conduct Locusta from the palace," he cried, "and let her have an order on the treasury for two thousand sesterces. Have a care," he added, "that her return to the city is unnoticed."

With these words he dismissed the enchantress, and the freedman, recognising the sign made him by the emperor, led her from the chamber, and for some time along an adjoining passage, at a certain point of which he stopped, and there, taking from a recess a large thick cloak, he enveloped therewith her bony form, binding it round her.

\* Vide Pliny.

† Suetonius.

"How heavy is this cloak," she remarked, as they advanced; "by Hecate, I can scarce move under its weight."

"There is none other at hand," said the freedman, "and the most complete concealment is necessary."

At this moment they entered a small narrow chamber, or rather passage, whose floor at the upper end as well as the walls, were flagged and lined with a sort of dark stone, and as Locusta, following him, placed her feet on the pavement, some irresistible influence seemed first to hold her fast, and then draw her toward a recess,\* when she became immovable, chained as by some invisible power.

"I will visit you in the morning, Locusta," said the freeman, laughing, and then locking the door from which he issued, departed.

#### THE DEATH OF PETRONIUS.

Caius Petronius Arbiter was, perhaps, the most artistic realizer of the principles of the followers of Epicurus, who, (in opposition to their master,) held, that pleasure was the only good. His taste in voluptuousness created a close intimacy between him and Nero, an intimacy so great as to arouse the jealousy of the emperor's favourite, the infamous Tigellinus, who, by accusing him of being the friend of Scevius, who had conspired to destroy Nero, caused the latter to decide on his death. It was at Cumæ, whither Petronius had accompanied Nero, that he received orders to die, and in the easy methods he adopted, to render death pleasurable, and the defiant carelessness which he evinced in his demeanour, he illustrated in a signal manner, the principles of stoicism and epicureanism. It is very doubtful whether the fragment entitled "*Satiricon*"—in which the character and manners of Nero are supposed to be satirized, was the work of the Consul; its elegant Latinity is one of the hypotheses on which this story rests, but it is quiet improbable he should have composed a work of its length, during the period which he occupied in "dying," as it is asserted. The "*Satiricon*," though one of the most frightful specimens of pagan literature, is highly valuable for the glimpses it affords of Roman life in the age of Nero.

The scene is at the colonial city of Cumæ, on the shore of Campania, in a small, but elegant villa, at some distance from that in which Nero has taken up his residence, during his visit to the place.

The rich southern sunlight streams through the vine-draped windows of a richly furnished chamber; a fountain pulses languidly in the centre, and anear it stands a luxurious purple couch, whereon reclines a Roman

\* There are several accounts in ancient authors of chambers built of loadstone. The architect Timochares erected in the temple of Arsinoë, at Alexandria, a roof of this substance, for the purpose of giving the iron statue of the goddess the appearance of remaining suspended in the air, (in the same way as we read of Mahomet's coffin at Mecca having once been arranged.) One of the terrors of the Eleusinian mysteries also was produced by attiring the Neophyte in a steel or iron wire garment, and leading him over a loadstone pavement, where he, unconscious of the cause, remained fixed until the garment was removed. (*Vide Pliny, Nat. Hist.*)

patrician, a man in the prime of life, whose handsome refined face wears an expression in which epicurean taste and voluptuousness are singularly united with stoical firmness.

The tessellated floor around is scattered with fresh flowers, amid which are strewn myrrhine goblets and golden vessels, mingled with scrolls of poetry and philosophy. The occupant of the chamber has apparently just finished his slight morning repast, whose crystal dishes of meat, and vessels of rare wine have not yet been removed, and while languidly tasting a peach, he alternately reads a few lines of some composition he holds in his jewelled hand, and now pausing, listens to an Egyptian flute player who is pouring forth a dulcet strain in the neighbouring room.

Presently, a messenger enters, and presents him with a small golden bordered and inscribed parchment, which, as he finds, bears the emperor's seal. After opening and perusing it, without evincing the least discomposure, and having delicately folded it again, and placed it beside him, turning to the slave, he says :—"Messenger of Cæsar, I find by this epistle that he orders me to prepare for death ; return and express to the emperor, the sense Petronius entertains of the generous permission he has granted him to meet death according to his taste and fancy." With a countenance, suddenly expressive of terror and surprise, the messenger bows, and departs.

When he had gone, Petronius having arranged his pillow, and sounded on a spring bell beside his couch, his favourite freedman enters.

"By your face, my good Euclio," remarks Petronius, "I guess you have heard the news of the morning. So far, however, from being disturbed at the announcement which Nero, with unwonted politeness has sent me, I, on the contrary, regard death as the happiest event which could occur to me, in a reign such as his. But come, it is now the third hour, and as Hades lies at a considerable distance, as I am informed by the poets, it becomes us to prepare for my journey to that region as soon as possible. Send my physician Hephaiston hither."

Euclio pauses a moment, terrified and silent, then throwing himself at the feet of his master, entreats him to escape ; but the latter smiling, orders him in a decisive tone, to execute his wishes. As the intelligence spreads through the villa, outbursts of rage and wailings of grief are heard from the rooms occupied by the freedmen and slaves, in the midst of which the Greek surgeon enters.

"What noise is this ?" enquired Petronius, "are my faithful attendants sorrowing for my death ? This is unbecoming. Do I lament ? no ; wherefore, then, should they ? Come hither, Euclio, help me to unrobe, and you, my ingenious Hephaiston, prepare the instruments for opening my veins ; for having studied death, this is the mode which suits my taste. Call, too, my friends here ; and let baths and a banquet be prepared, and wine and garlands, that I may depart luxuriously and easily amid feasts and amiable conversations. So now I am unrobed, place yonder golden basins and receive my flowing life—now Hephaiston."

The Greek surgeon hesitates a moment, but Petronius, laughing, gently, with a soft imperative gesture, compels him to execute his wishes. Upon



which, seizing his lancet, he opens the vessels in the arms and lower limbs.

As the blood begins to flow, Petronius, at first lifting a rose to his nostrils, seems unconscious of anything but the odour of the flower; then taking a scroll of Greek poetry he reads awhile, occasionally sipping a little wine, until his friends arriving, he salutes them gaily, placing the flower as a marker in the page he has been perusing.

While they are arranging themselves around him, he says—"As, my friends, you are good enough to pay me this kind visit, and to accompany me during this final event, in order that I may enjoy your conversation a little, I will for an hour delay death—there is no absolute hurry, and it is more polite to travel by easy stages; therefore, Hephaiston, bind up my wounds for a space. As yet the loss of blood has not sensibly weakened, but merely made me feel more ethereal." On their assuming an air of condolence, and some of them beginning to denounce the tyrant, Petronius waves the subject, as unworthy of notice, and opens a conversation on philosophy, which is maintained, intervalled by flashes of wit and epigram, for an hour, by which time the feast he had ordered is introduced, and all, ranged on the couches, commence to enjoy its luxurious viands, half forgetful of the occasion. Each dish, (introduced by a flourish of musical instruments,) is subjected to criticism, all succumbing to the fine taste of the entertainer—the roast boar is pronounced excellent, the lamprey sauce of original pungency, the wines, hot and cooled in snow, delicious. Petronius pronounces himself highly pleased, and the flavour of a dish of goose's liver affects him so sensibly, that he orders the genius of his cook to be rewarded by a large sum of money. In short, everything passes as though it were an ordinary supper.

When the entertainment is over, Petronius again orders his wounds to be unbound; then presently growing weak, he politely requests his friends to pardon him while he takes a short nap, remarking, that as sleep is the brother of death, he will request his first familiar friend to introduce him to his unknown acquaintance. After sleeping a while, and awaking, apparently refreshed, he remarks—" *Oh quam miserum est nesciri mori.* I really am becoming in love with death—he wafts me away, not on a tortuous torrent, but gently, as though on a sliding stream." Then, feeling the moment approaching, he calls for a cup of cæcuban, "to fill his veins a little with the blood of the vine;" and after conversing an hour more, during which he utters many brilliant things, is seen to sink suddenly into a luxurious sleep. And on one bending over him, and enquiring whether he suffers fear or pain, he murmurs—" *Ad astra molles è terris via est. Mortem aliquid ultra est? Vita si cupias mori.*"

The sun is sinking over the orchards and vineyards of the bay of Cumæ, crimson as a bowl of wine; a music, which has been playing slowly, growing fainter, as though harmonizing with the pulses of the Epicurean Stoic, ceasing in luxurious death, and a soft air floating through the casement bears away his last breath over the sumptuous gardens to the sea.

## FLOWERS OF A GARLAND.

## CRICKET'S SONG.

AROUND the house  
The lilac boughs  
Droop white as snow;  
Bright with the shower,  
Blossom and flower  
Dapple the ground below;  
The sun laughs keen  
Through its rainy screen,  
Drops on the green,  
Fresh hedges glow;  
And the heaven has set  
On the mirrored dew  
Of the violet  
Its azure hue.

The fly sails along,  
With puling song  
And winking wing;  
The old Bee agape  
At the sleepy skies,  
Winks its gold eyes,  
And settles the shape  
Of its stays of crape,  
And the leaf-hid robins sing;  
The stream, in its sleep,  
Smiles near the shore,  
And the gay fish peep  
From the azure deep,  
And frisk and leap,  
One spring day more.

I, I alone,  
Am mournful grown,  
In my sooty cell!  
The sunlight laves  
The red brick eaves,  
And the dim air grieves  
Round the willowed well

And the swallows sit  
O'er the ivied wall,  
While here I sit  
In a dismal fit,  
By the hearth unlit,  
In my chimney hall.

With a grain of rye  
Poised on his back,  
The Ant moves by  
In his comrade's track,  
With prudent thought  
And care distraught,  
Deeming as naught  
The beauteous sky.  
The Midges gray  
Are yawning drear,  
Tired with the day  
That makes their year;  
But, a foot this way  
Comes creaking near,  
And a voice rings gay—  
" 'Tis my master dear."

When earth is dumb,  
And the house is mute,  
I nibble the crumb  
Fallen at his foot:  
Then, feasting well,  
Return pell-mell  
To my dome of soot.  
A little while—  
And I see him smile  
Above his book,  
As he hears me string  
My thoughts of spring,  
And snugly sing  
In my little nook.

## WINTER AND WINE.

Blow, winds, o'er field and wood around,  
We little heed your tempest din;  
Though winter whitens roof and ground,  
We've summer shrined in casks within

The air is cold,  
 The cask is old,  
 And old the wine, as well we know,  
 But full of dreams,  
 And rosy themes,  
 That live like flowers beneath the snow :—  
 Spring fills the happy veins, as this first cup we're quaffing,  
 Lo ! through the casement there, the sunny flowers seem laughing !

Close housed amid the mossy woods,  
 The storm may pass unheeded by ;  
 With wine we'll change the seasons' moods,  
 And drown his blasts in revelry.  
 Though dark the night,  
 The grape's still bright,  
 With sunsets past beyond the pole ;  
 Though years may die  
 Sweet memory  
 Still guards their essence in the soul ;—  
 Sweet dreams of love float o'er the heart, rich bacchant hours roll after,  
 When Autumn scarce could count on grapes the rosy cups we quaffed her.

Chill sifts the snow against the pane ;  
 The gusts wheel off in dolourous tones ;  
 The ghastly moon sets in the wane,  
 And in the vale the torrent moans :—  
 But in this bower,  
 Each happy hour,  
 Floats off with wings of richer light ;  
 The red fire glows,  
 The red wine flows,  
 Songs echo, and wit stars the night :—  
 And as our glasses take the blaze that strikes from floor to rafter,  
 Lo, old Time glances o'er our group, and drops his glass with laughter !

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ALPHA AND OMEGA.

The cradled crescent pure and mild,  
 Was dipping through the April sky,  
 A young man sung beside his child,  
 A silver-lipped sweet melody :—  
 " Sleep, baby, sleep, the evening moon looks o'er thee  
 Tiny segment of a spirit, dropped from yonder sky ;  
 Father's strength is thine until the years shall put him by—  
 Thou art come from heaven, and the heavens are before thee,  
 Sleep, baby, sleep, thy mother's heart beats nigh."  
 The moon shone o'er an ivied tomb,  
 An aged man was weeping nigh,

A bell swung in the forest gloom,  
 And through the air arose a cry :—  
 “ Wake, father, mother, wake, thy son is watching o’er thee,  
 Blessed spirits passed away into the evening sky ;  
 True has been your watch through life, and still your souls watch o’er me,  
 All my prayers were thine, and now the years have brought us nigh,  
 Oh stoop, pure souls, from yonder stars, and take me as I die.”

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 LINES.

What is this world of warmth and light ?  
 A little home in death’s cold space ;  
 And Time ?—a ray in infinite night,  
 A shining second’s breathing space.

Atom in atom mocks the eye,  
 Dim as some universe afar ;  
 In yon abyss of Deity  
 The glow-worm’s vast as any star.

Say, what is man ?—a spirit sublime,  
 He chariots round the burning sun ;  
 Yet, blinded by the dust of time,  
 Totters and ends where he begun.

His grave yawns where his cradle rocks,  
 Yet would he solve his destinies,  
 While Heaven smiles coldly as it mocks  
 Such mighty impotence as his.

Who seeks for fame to soothe the eye  
 Where self-loved hallows blinding brood ?  
 Alas ! poor fame’s but vanity  
 That leaves no heritage of good.

Does nature need some spirit of Time  
 To mould the age, to move the earth ?  
 The seed, the clay, the ripening clime,  
 In concert mingle from his birth.

Or oft, maychance, unseen, unknowns  
 Some great soul works in gloom. and tears,  
 ’Till down the vast of ages blown,  
 His brain-seed blooms for future years.

All, bright as brief, the spirits wreath  
 But blooms and perfumes for a day,  
 Then moulders on its stem beneath  
 The rounding winter of decay.

Ah, weak as wide, and vague as vain,  
 The generalizing grasp of man ;  
 Poor effort of the narrow brain  
 To mirror Heaven in its span !

And what results from critic powers,  
 Save barren joy and lost delight—  
 A hell beneath the fairest flowers—  
 A devil lurking in the light.  
 Come, let us close this life of war  
 In labour suited to our hand,  
 Nor glory seek, whose fiery star  
 Would strike a shade however we stand.\*  
 Unheeded let us glide through life,  
 Nor view the world with worldly eyes;  
 Happy in distance from the strife,  
 For Peace is a true Paradise.

T. I.

\* Nec vixit male, natus moriensque feffillit.—HOR.

### DREAM-LANDS OF ANTIQUITY.

MANY an interesting dream-land, familiar to the imaginations of our ancestors, has been swept from the surface of the globe by modern voyages of discovery! It is true that we have received, instead, many beautiful and valuable realities—many distant fields for commerce and immigration—but it is still true that we have lost the dream-lands!

Sir Walter Raleigh, in his "History of the World," tells us an anecdote, which is best repeated in his own quaint style, orthography and all, as follows:—"I remember," he says, "a pretie jeast of Don Pedro Sarmiento, a worthie Spanish gentleman, who had bene employed by his king in planting a colonie upon the Streights of Magellen; for when I asked him, being then my prisoner, some question about an iland in those streights, which, me thought, might have done either benefit or displeasure to his enterprise, he told me merrily, that it was to be called the *Painters' Wive's Iland*; saying, that whilst the fellow drew that mappe, his wife sitting by desired him to put in one countrie for her, that she, in imagination, might have an iland of her owne."

Sir Walter relates the story as an illustration of the little reliance to be placed on some remote historic facts; and after him it is repeated by Heylin, who, in his *Cosmography*, places the "Painters' Wive's Island" in the same category with Utopia, New Atlantis, Fairy-land, and the Lands of Chivalry; all of which, he says, must, assuredly, be found either in that *Terra Australis Incognita*, of which certain Spanish navigators had related strange things, or "no where"—or, in other words he put those mythical localities in the same category with the land in which Sydney and Melbourne have since arisen, or at least seemed to place as little faith in the existence of the latter as of the former, and this in the middle of the seventeenth century.

In olden times, almost every account of distant regions was of a vague

and marvellous nature, so as to invest them with something of the dream-land character. It was the privilege of the adventurous traveller and navigator to tell such strange things of the remote lands which they had visited, as might raise the wonder and admiration of their hearers or readers to the highest pitch. Their narratives lost nothing in transmission from mouth to mouth, or from pen to pen; and on the smallest amount of reality curious fabrics of fable were often erected; the fable and the truth being blended in an interesting but inextricable medley. This was the case from the earliest ages; and hence it is that it has puzzled the learned to trace out the substratum of truth in such fables, for instance, as those related of the Argonautic expedition, or of the great island of Atlantis.

Long before the first recorded voyage of northern discovery, we are told that the situation and dimension of the North Pole were taken with an astrolabe by an Oxford friar; and Mercator gives the following description out of the itinerary of a certain Flemish traveller:—"Under the Arctic Pole is said to be a black rock of wondrous height, about 33 leagues in compass, the land adjoining being torn by the sea into 4 great islands. For the ocean violently breaking through it, and disgorging itself by 19 channels, maketh 4 *euripi*, or fierce whirlpools, by which the waters are finally carried towards the north, and there swallowed into the bowels of the earth. That *euripus*, or whirlpool, which is made by the Seythick Ocean hath 5 inlets, and by reason of his streight passage and violent course is never frozen: the other, on the back of Greenland, being 37 leagues long, hath 3 inlets, and remaineth frozen 3 moneths yearly. Between these two there lieth an island on the north of Lappia and Biarmia, inhabited, they say, by Pigmies, the tallest of them not above 4 feet high." Such was geographical knowledge a few centuries ago.

We do not entertain the slightest doubt that St. Brendan crossed the Atlantic in his seven years' navigation in the sixth century, or that he landed on the great western continent, or some of its islands, nearly a thousand years before Columbus made his great discovery; but the style in which the adventures of the holy Irish abbot are related gives them a legendary character; and in the old writings they are known as "The Wonders which Brendan saw in the Ocean." Thus, we are told how the saint having sailed from the foot of Brandon Hill, in Kerry, in a ship or boat constructed of wickerwork, and covered with tanned ox hides, after the manner of that time, was carried by favourable winds for 15 days towards the summer solstice, that is, towards the Tropic of Cancer; and how his crew, consisting of fourteen of his monks, whom he himself had selected, and of three others who had been admitted at their own entreaty, were then obliged to take to their oars until, after a voyage altogether of forty days, and when their provisions were quite exhausted, there appeared to them a certain island with a very steep and rocky shore. They saw various streams flowing from the highest point of the island, but the saint would not permit them to touch any of the water until they had obtained the permission of the inhabitants. At length, having coasted the island for three days, they discovered a harbour, wide enough for a single ship to enter, and



having landed they met a dog, which came to the feet of St. Brendan; and following the dog, they were conducted to a town, and saw a great hall furnished with couches and seats, and water to wash their feet. The house was very large, and round the walls were suspended vessels of various kinds of metal; and bridles and horns mounted in silver. St. Brendan cautioned his followers against any temptation to theft; but they all partook of the food which they found prepared, and reposed their weary limbs on the couches. Having remained there for three days, apparently without seeing any one, they were preparing to re-embark, when they met a young man, carrying a basket filled with bread and a pitcher of water which he gave to them, saying:—"Take these with my blessing; you have yet a long journey to perform, but neither the bread nor the water shall fail you until Easter." And after several days they arrived at another island, where they saw large rivers abounding with fish, and here they remained from Thursday in Holy Week until Easter Saturday. The island appeared to be covered with flocks of sheep, so that in many places the surface of the earth could not be seen, owing to the number of sheep—and, with the permission of St. Brendan, the monks took a lamb to prepare it for the approaching festival. At that moment a man appeared to them, having in his hand a pannier filled with bread baked under the ashes, and other necessities, and he placed it at the feet of the man of God, and said:—"Father, you shall pass the Saturday here, but the Lord has ordained that you should celebrate the feast of the Resurrection in that island which you see, and I shall send you all things needful until Pentecost." After Easter Sunday you shall sail to another island in the west, which is called the Paradise of Birds, and there you shall remain until the octave of Pentecost. Another long voyage of three months, during which they saw nothing but sky and water, brought St. Brendan and his companions to an island, in which they saw an old man of portly mien, and with hair as white as snow, who having prostrated himself three times to the earth, embraced the man of God. Holding St. Brendan by the hand, the old man conducted the voyagers the distance of a furlong to a monastery, before the gate of which the Irish abbot enquired, "what monastery it was, or who presided in it, or whence its inmates came." To these questions the old man only replied by a benignant smile; and there came forth from the monastery eleven brethren, wearing copes, carrying a cross, and singing hymns. The abbot kissed St. Brendan, and the kiss of peace having been exchanged between the monks, the wayfarers were conducted into the monastery to prayer; and their feet and hands having been washed, and an anthem sung, they sat down to a repast of extremely white bread and certain roots of incredible sweetness, while their thirst was assuaged with water from a very clear fountain which they had seen upon the island. The abbot of the monastery then explained to his guests the mysterious mode of life which he and his monks enjoyed. For eighty years they had lived in that island, without feeling the progress of age or enduring any sickness. They suffered neither heat nor cold, and had to provide for none of the necessities of life; their food, such as the guests had partaken of, being brought to them ready prepared, by an unseen hand, and always in double quantities for festival

days. No human voice was ever heard in the island, except in the chaunting of psalms and canticles, and no fire was ever kindled, for the candles on the altar were lighted by some mysterious means, when required for the sacred offices; as St. Brendan himself witnessed at that moment, for while they were yet speaking, a fiery dart from heaven descended upon the altar and lighted the tapers, which, like the lives of the monks, never shewed any appearance of being consumed. In another island which the travellers visited, they found a clear fountain, and herbs and fish in great variety and abundance. St. Brendan cautioned his brethren against the water, which was very tempting; but his advice being neglected, the monks were seized with a torpor, which lasted for three days and three nights. Returning to the island in which they had passed Holy Thursday, they again met their kind provider there, and he gave them new clothing and stored their ship with provisions; telling them that, after a pilgrimage of seven years, they should find the Land of Promise which they sought, and that afterwards the Lord would bring them to the land of their nativity. After encountering various perils, and visiting various other islands, the sea became so clear that our navigators imagined they were able to see the objects at its bottom; and on a certain day, there appeared to them a column standing in the ocean, and which seemed higher than the sky, and it was covered with a canopy so thin that ships could sail through its openings. The column was of the clearest crystal; and when they had entered through an opening in the canopy, the sea appeared as if of glass, so that they could see its lowest depth; and having sailed all day about the column, each side of which was a thousand four hundred cubits in width, they found in a window, in one of its sides, a chalice and patena of the same materials, respectively, as the column and the canopy. After eight days' sailing, they were driven by the wind towards the shore of a rocky and treeless island, which was wholly inhabited by smiths. The sound of the bellows and hammers reached their ears from afar, like thunder, and as the saint foresaw the dangers which threatened them, he prayed fervently that they might be delivered from that inhospitable shore. Still, the wind drove them towards the land, and the Plutonic inhabitants, seeing St. Brendan's bark approach, rushed from their forges to the water's edge, carrying huge masses of red-hot iron, which they flung with all their might against the storm-tossed vessel; but, providentially, the fiery missiles fell into the sea, which they caused to smoke and bubble like a boiling cauldron. St. Brendan and his companions escaped the impending fate, and in a subsequent part of their wanderings, they were carried by the wind towards a lofty mountain, which, rising from the ocean, seemed to touch the stars, and which vomited from its summit vast volumes of smoke and fire. As they approached the foot of the mountain, one of the three monks who had forced themselves upon the saint's chosen band, and who was doomed to an evil end for his worldly-mindedness, jumped from the boat, and was seen by his companions clambering up the side of the volcano in the midst of a group of demons. In the meantime, the mountain seemed, like a living thing, to respire flames, inhaling again those which it had vomited forth, until the whole was like a burning pile. On another occasion, the voyagers touched at the island in which St. Paul, the

hermit, had taken up his abode, and they conversed a while with that extraordinary personage, who is here described as being 140 years of age, living in a cave, and clothed only by his own hair, which grew abundantly from his whole body. Finally, another voyage of 40 days brought St. Brendan and his companions to a very extensive country, full of fruit-bearing trees, and teeming with the riches of autumn. For 40 days more they penetrated into the interior, without perceiving any night or finding any limit to the land; but, on the contrary, they at length came to a great river flowing westward, and which some have therefore conjectured to have been the Ohio. Here, whether in a vision or in reality, St. Brendan met a man, who told him "that that was the Land of Promise which he had sought for so many years; that he had not been able to find it sooner because it had pleased the Lord to shew to him His various marvels in the great ocean; that now, having seen it, he should return to the land of his nativity, taking with him as much of the fruits of that country as his ship could carry; and that after many ages that country should be disclosed to his successors, when the days of persecution should come upon Christians." And he added:—"As this country now appears full of fruit, so shall it appear for ever."

St. Brendan accordingly returned to Ireland after his seven years' peregrination, and founded his famous monastery and schools at Clonfert; and he often related to his brethren, "the wonderful things which he had seen in the ocean," and of some of which an outline is here given from the *Nova Legenda Angliæ* of Capgravius, as printed by Wynkyn de Worde, in the year 1516. Other versions of the legend are given, as in the *Aurea Legenda* or *Golden Legend*, which issued from the same ancient press in 1498, and in which is related the visit of St. Brendan to the Paradise of Birds; but the repeated references to this very early transatlantic voyage which we meet in ancient Irish writings, from wholly independent sources, leave no doubt whatever of its reality; although the quaint old imagery with which the scenes are decorated, might justify us in placing the discoveries of the holy Irish navigator among the dream-lands of our ancestors.

It is clear that the Irish, chiefly perhaps the Irish monks, long preceded the Norwegians in all their visits to distant parts of the Atlantic. That this was the case in Iceland we know from the Northmen themselves; and one of the most curious points connected with early northern geographical discoveries is the fact, that a part of the American continent was known to the Scandinavians in the 11th century, by the name of Great Ireland, and was called White Man's Land by the Skroelings or Esquimaux, with whom the former came in contact. Some have concluded from this, that that part of America had been colonised from Ireland at some very remote period, and it seems impossible to account for the circumstance on any other hypothesis. Hence arose an absurd statement, which we used to hear many years ago, that Irish words were still spoken by the natives of Labrador!

Every one has heard of the island of Hy Brasil. This is indeed a true dream-land; and among the primitive inhabitants of the sea-coast in various countries, we find a belief in some such visionary locality submerged

in the ocean by enchantment, and which makes its appearance from time to time, generally once in seven years. The origin of this popular belief might be traced, no doubt, to the phenomenon of mirage, or the *Fata Morgana*. It is usually supposed, moreover, that the drowned island may be rescued from its watery grave, by some mysterious process timely applied; and it is even told by the Seannaches, that it was thus the interesting island of Inis Bofin, on the west coast of Ireland, was rescued from the spells of an enchantress, and secured permanently above the waves of the Atlantic. On the faith of a statement made by the captain of a ship, a charter was demanded in the reign of George III., to secure the possession of Hy Brasil, which had been recently seen off the coast of Ireland, and which, it was hoped, might be rescued from the sea! We forget the particulars at this moment, but they will be found, together with the original memorial on the subject, in the introduction to Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy. "From the Isles of Aran and the West Continent," says Roderick O'Flaherty in his Chorographical Description of Jar-Connaught, "often appears visible, that enchanted island called O'Brazil, and in Irish, Beg-ara, or the lesser Aran, set down in cards of navigation. Whether it be real and firm land, keptheidden by the special ordinance of God, as the terrestrial paradise, or else some illusion of airy clouds, appearing on the surface of the sea, or the craft of evil spirits, is more than our judgment can sound out." But a "palpable" testimony of its existence is, nevertheless, to be found in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, where is preserved the book of "Hy Brasil," an interesting Irish medical manuscript, which belonged to the O'Lees, a family of hereditary physicians, and which Morough O'Lee, the possessor of it some centuries ago, assured his friends he had obtained in the enchanted island aforesaid, thus accounting for the skill which he possessed in the art of healing!

It was a favorite theory with the old geographers, and with some rather modern ones, that a vast continent occupied a large portion of the southern hemisphere, being as great in extent as Europe, Asia, and Africa, to counterbalance which, and thus keep our globe in equilibrium, it was supposed to be necessary. Voyages of discovery have long since dissipated this notion, and it was some doubts as to its accuracy, which induced old Peter Heylin to treat the real discoveries of the Spaniards on the northern shores of Australia, early in the 16th century, so cavalierly as we have seen above. The great country, at whose shores these early glances were obtained, is no longer a "*terra incognita*," in which people are at liberty to locate fairy-lands, and lands of chivalry; but the supposed southern continent has gradually retired to the Antarctic regions, if indeed it finds an existence even there, and that the points explored within the Antarctic circle, be found to belong to a continuous coast.

To return to Heylin and the Painter's Wife's Island, we cannot, at the present day, see any reason to fear, with that venerable cosmographer, "that the painter's wife hath many islands, and some countries too upon the continent in our common maps, which are not really to be found on the strictest search."

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